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QUEEN MARY  
A DRAMA  
FENNYSON.









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QUEEN MARY.





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# QUEEN MARY;

A DRAMA.

BY  
ALFRED TENNYSON.

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## Dramatis Personæ.



QUEEN MARY.

PHILIP (King of Naples and Sicily, afterwards King of Spain).

THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

REGINALD POLE (Cardinal and Papal Legate).

SIMON RENARD (Spanish Ambassador).

LE SIEUR DE NOAILLES (French Ambassador).

THOMAS CRANMER (Archbishop of Canterbury).

SIR NICHOLAS HEATH (Archbishop of York ; Lord Chancellor  
after Gardiner).

EDWARD COURTENAY (Earl of Devon).

LORD WILLIAM HOWARD (afterwards Lord Howard, and Lord  
High Admiral).

LORD WILLIAMS OF THAME.

LORD PAGET.

LORD PETRE.

STEPHEN GARDINER (Bishop of Winchester and Lord Chancellor).

EDMUND BONNER (Bishop of London).

THOMAS THIRLBY (Bishop of Ely).

SIR THOMAS WYATT

SIR THOMAS STAFFORD

} (Insurrectionary Leaders).

SIR RALPH BAGENHALL.

SIR ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

SIR HENRY BEDINGFIELD.

SIR WILLIAM CECIL.

SIR THOMAS WHITE (Lord Mayor of London).

THE DUKE OF ALVA

THE COUNT DE FERIA } (attending on Philip).

PETER MARTYR.

FATHER COLE.

FATHER BOURNE.

VILLA GARCIA.

SOTO.

CAPTAIN BRETT

ANTHONY KNYVETT } (Adherents of Wyatt).

PETERS (Gentleman of Lord Howard).

ROGER (Servant to Noailles).

WILLIAM (Servant to Wyatt).

STEWARD OF HOUSEHOLD to the Princess Elizabeth.

OLD NOKES and NOKES.

MARCHIONESS OF EXETER (Mother of Courtenay).

LADY CLARENCE

LADY MAGDALEN DACRES } (Ladies in Waiting to the Queen).

ALICE

MAID OF HONOUR to the Princess Elizabeth,

JOAN } (two Country Wives).

TIB

Lords and other Attendants, Members of the Privy Council,  
Members of Parliament, two Gentlemen, Aldermen, Citizens,  
Peasants, Ushers, Messengers, Guards, Pages, &c.

# QUEEN MARY.

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## ACT I.

SCENE I.—ALDGATE RICHLY DECORATED.

CROWD. MARSHALMEN.

MARSHALMAN.

Stand back, keep a clear lane. When will her Majesty pass, sayst thou? why now, even now; wherefore draw back your heads and your horns before I break them, and make what noise you will with your tongues, so it be not treason. Long live Queen Mary, the lawful and legitimate daughter of Harry the Eighth. Shout, knaves!

CITIZENS.

Long live Queen Mary!

FIRST CITIZEN.

That's a hard word, legitimate; what does it mean?

SECOND CITIZEN.

It means a bastard.

THIRD CITIZEN.

Nay, it means trueborn,

FIRST CITIZEN.

Why, didn't the Parliament make her a bastard ?

SECOND CITIZEN.

No ; it was the Lady Elizabeth.

THIRD CITIZEN.

That was after, man ; that was after.

FIRST CITIZEN.

Then which is the bastard ?

SECOND CITIZEN.

Troth, they be both bastards by Act of Parliament and Council.

THIRD CITIZEN.

Ay, the Parliament can make every true-born man of us a bastard. Old Nokes, can't it make thee a bastard ? thou shouldst know, for thou art as white as three Christmasses.

OLD NOKES (*dreamily*).

Who's a-passing ? King Edward or King Richard

THIRD CITIZEN.

No, old Nokes.

OLD NOKES.

It's Harry :

THIRD CITIZEN

It's Queen Mary.

OLD NOKES.

The blessed Mary's a-passing !

[*Falls on his knees.*]

NOKES.

Let father alone, my masters ! he's past your questioning.

THIRD CITIZEN.

Answer thou for him, then ! thou'rt no such cockerel thyself, for thou was born i' the tail end of old Harry the Seventh.

NOKES.

Eh ! that was afore bastard-making began. I was born true man at five in the forenoon i' the tail of old Harry, and so they can't make me a bastard.

THIRD CITIZEN.

But if Parliament can make the Queen a bastard, why, it follows all the more that they can make thee one, who art fray'd i' the knees, and out at elbow, and bald o' the back, and bursten at the toes, and down at heels.

NOKES.

I was born of a true man and a ring'd wife, and I can't argue upon it ; but I and my old woman 'ud burn upon it, that would we.

MARSHALMAN.

What are you cackling of bastardy under the Queen's own nose ? I'll have you flogg'd and burnt too, by the Rood I will.

FIRST CITIZEN.

He swears by the Rood. Whew !

SECOND CITIZEN.

Hark ! the trumpets.

[*The Procession passes, MARY and ELIZABETH riding side by side, and disappears under the gate.*]

## CITIZENS.

Long live Queen Mary ! down with all traitors ! God save  
Her Grace ; and death to Northumberland !

[*Exeunt*'].

*Manent* TWO GENTLEMEN.

## FIRST GENTLEMAN.

By God's light a noble creature, right royal.

## SECOND GENTLEMAN.

She looks comelier than ordinary to-day ; but to my mind  
the Lady Elizabeth is the more noble and royal.

## FIRST GENTLEMAN.

I mean the Lady Elizabeth. Did you hear (I have a daughter  
in her service who reported it) that she met the Queen at  
Wanstead with five hundred horse, and the Queen (tho' some  
say they be much divided) took her hand, called her sweet  
sister, and kiss'd not her alone, but all the ladies of her fol-  
lowing.

## SECOND GENTLEMAN.

Ay, that was in her hour of joy, there will be plenty to sun-  
der and unsister them again ; this Gardiner for one, who is to  
be made Lord Chancellor, and will pounce like a wild beast  
out of his cage to worry Cranmer.

## FIRST GENTLEMAN.

And furthermore, my daughter said that when there rose a  
talk of the late rebellion, she spoke even of Northumberland  
pitifully, and of the good Lady Jane as a poor innocent child  
who had but obeyed her father ; and furthermore, she said  
that no one in her time should be burnt for heresy.

## SECOND GENTLEMAN.

Well, sir, I look for happy times.



FIRST GENTLEMAN.

There is but one thing against them. I know not if you know.

SECOND GENTLEMAN.

I suppose you touch upon the rumour that Charles, the master of the world, has offer'd her his son Philip, the Pope and the Devil. I trust it is but a rumour.

FIRST GENTLEMAN.

She is going now to the Tower to loose the prisoners there, and among them Courtenay, to be made Earl of Devon, of royal blood, of splendid feature, whom the council and all her people wish her to marry. May it be so, for we are many of us Catholics, but few Papists, and the Hot Gospellers will go mad upon it.

SECOND GENTLEMAN.

Was she not betroth'd in her babyhood to the Great Emperor himself?

FIRST GENTLEMAN.

Ay, but he's too old.

SECOND GENTLEMAN.

And again to her cousin Reginald Pole, now Cardinal, but I hear that he too is full of aches and broken before his day.

FIRST GENTLEMAN.

O, the Pope could dispense with his Cardinalate, and his achage, and his breakage, if that were all : but will you not follow the procession?

SECOND GENTLEMAN.

No ; I have seen enough for this day.

FIRST GENTLEMAN.

Well, I shall follow ; if I can get near enough I shall judge with my own eyes whether Her Grace incline to this splendid scion of Plantagenet. [*Exeunt.*

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## SCENE II.—A ROOM IN LAMBETH PALACE.

CRANMER.

To Strasbourg, Antwerp, Frankfort, Zurich, Worms  
Geneva, Basle—our Bishops from their sees  
Or fled, they say, or flying—Poinet, Barlow,  
Bale, Scory, Coverdale ; besides the Deans  
Of Christchurch, Durham, Exeter, and Wells—  
Ailmer and Bullingham, and hundreds more ;  
So they report : I shall be left alone.  
No : Hooper, Ridley, Latimer will not fly.

*Enter* PETER MARTYR.

PETER MARTYR.

Fly, Cranmer ! were there nothing else, your name  
Stands first of those who sign'd the Letters Patent  
That gave her royal crown to Lady Jane.

CRANMER.

Stand first it may, but it was written last :  
Those that are now her Privy Council, sign'd  
Before me : nay, the Judges had pronounced  
That our young Edward might bequeath the crown  
Of England, putting by his father's will.  
Yet I stood out, till Edward sent for me.  
The wan boy-king, with his fast fading eyes  
Fixt hard on mine, his frail transparent hand,  
Damp with the sweat of death, and griping mine,  
Whisper'd to me, if I loved him, not to yield  
His Church of England to the Papal wolf

And Mary ; then I could no more—I sign'd.  
Nay, for bare shame of inconsistency,  
She cannot pass her traitor council by,  
To make me headless.

PETER MARTYR.

That might be forgiven.  
I tell you, fly, my Lord. You do not own  
The bodily presence in the Eucharist,  
Their wafer and perpetual sacrifice :  
Your creed will be your death.

CRANMER.

Step after step,  
Thro' many voices crying right and left,  
Have I climb'd back into the primal church,  
And stand within the porch, and Christ with me :  
My flight were such a scandal to the faith,  
The downfall of so many simple souls,  
I dare not leave my post.

PETER MARTYR.

But you divorced  
Queen Catharine and her father ; hence, her hate  
Will burn till you are burn'd.

CRANMER.

I cannot help it.  
The Canonists and Schoolmen were with me.  
"Thou shalt not wed thy brother's wife."—'Tis written  
"They shall be childless." True, Mary was born,  
But France would not accept her for a bride  
As being born from incest ; and this wrought  
Upon the king ; and child by child, you know,  
Were momentary sparkles out as quick  
Almost as kindled ; and he brought his doubts  
And fears to me. Peter, I'll swear for him  
He *did* believe the bond incestuous.  
But wherefore am I trenching on the time

That should already have seen your steps a mile  
From me and Lambeth? God be with you! Go.

PETER MARTYR.

Ah, but how fierce a letter you wrote against  
Their superstition when they slander'd you  
For setting up a mass at Canterbury  
To please the Queen.

CRANMER.

It was a wheedling monk  
Set up the mass.

PETER MARTYR.

I know it, my good Lord,  
But you so bubbled over with hot terms  
Of Satan, liars, blasphemy, Antichrist,  
She never will forgive you. Fly, my Lord, fly!

CRANMER.

I wrote it, and God grant me power to burn!

PETER MARTYR.

They have given me a safe conduct: for all that  
I dare not stay. I fear, I fear, I see you,  
Dear friend, for the last time; farewell, and fly.

CRANMER.

Fly and farewell, and let me die the death.

[*Exit* PETER MARTYR.]

*Enter* OLD SERVANT.

O, kind and gentle master, the Queen's Officers  
Are here in force to take you to the Tower.

CRANMER.

Ay, gentle friend, admit them. I will go.  
I thank my God it is too late to fly.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III.—ST. PAUL'S CROSS.

FATHER BOURNE *in the pulpit.* *A crowd.* MARCHIONESS  
OF EXETER, COURTENAY. *The SIEUR DE NOAILLES*  
*and his man ROGER in front of the stage.* *Hubbub.*

NOAILLES.

Hast thou let fall those papers in the palace ?

ROGER.

Ay, sir.

NOAILLES.

“There will be no peace for Mary till Elizabeth lose her  
head.”

ROGER.

Ay, sir.

NOAILLES.

And the other. “Long live Elizabeth the Queen.”

ROGER.

Ay, sir ; she needs must tread upon them.

NOAILLES.

Well.

These beastly swine make such a grunting here,  
I cannot catch what father Bourne is saying.

ROGER.

Quiet a moment, my masters ; hear what the shaveling has to say for himself.

CROWD.

Hush—hear.

BOURNE.

—and so this unhappy land, long divided in itself, and sever'd from the faith, will return into the one true fold, seeing that our gracious Virgin Queen hath—

CROWD,

No pope ! no pope !

ROGER (*to those about him, mimicking BOURNE*).

—hath sent for the holy legate of the holy father the Pope, Cardinal Pole, to give us all that holy absolution which—

FIRST CITIZEN.

Old Bourne to the life !

SECOND CITIZEN.

Holy absolution ! holy Inquisition !

THIRD CITIZEN.

Down with the Papist.

[*Hubbub.*]

BOURNE.

—and now that your good bishop, Bonner, who hath lain so long under bonds for the faith—

[*Hubbub.*]

NOAILLES.

Friend Roger, steal thou in among the crowd,  
And get the swine to shout Elizabeth.

Yon gray old Gospeller, sour as midwinter.  
Begin with him.

ROGER (*goes*).

By the mass, old friend, we'll have no pope here while the  
Lady Elizabeth lives.

GOSPELLER.

Art thou of the true faith, fellow, that swearest by the  
mass?

ROGER.

Ay, that am I, new converted, but the old leaven sticks to  
my tongue yet.

FIRST CITIZEN.

He says right; by the mass we'll have no mass here.

VOICES OF THE CROWD.

Peace! hear him; let his own words damn the Papist.  
From thine own mouth I judge thee—tear him down.

BOURNE.

—and since our Gracious Queen, let me call her our second  
Virgin Mary, hath begun to re-edify the true temple——

FIRST CITIZEN.

Virgin Mary! we'll have no virgins here—we'll have the  
Laay Elizabeth!

*[Swords are drawn, a knife is hurled and sticks in the  
pulpit. The mob throng to the pulpit stairs.]*

MARCHIONESS OF EXETER.

Son Courtenay, wilt thou see the holy father  
Murder'd before thy face? up, son, and save him!  
They love thee, and thou canst not come to harm.

B

COURTENAY (*in the pulpit*).

Shame, shame, my masters ! are you English-born,  
And set yourselves by hundreds against one ?

CROWD.

A Courtenay ! a Courtenay !

[*A train of Spanish servants crosses at the back of the stage.*]

NOAILLES.

These birds of passage come before their time :  
Stave off the crowd upon the Spaniard there.

ROGER.

My masters, yonder's fatter game for you  
Than this old gaping gargoyle : look you there—  
The Prince of Spain coming to wed our Queen !  
After him, boys ! and pelt him from the city.

[*They seize stones and follow the Spaniards.*]

*Exeunt on the other side* MARCHIONESS OF EXETER  
and Attendants.

NOAILLES (*to ROGER*).

Stand from me. If Elizabeth lose her head—  
That makes for France.  
And if her people, anger'd thereupon,  
Arise against her and dethrone the Queen—  
That makes for France.  
And if I breed confusion anyway—  
That makes for France.

Good day, my Lord of Devon ;  
A bold heart yours to beard that raging mob !

COURTENAY.

My mother said, Go up ; and up I went.  
I knew they would not do me any wrong,  
For I am mighty popular with them, Noailles.



NOAILLES.

You look'd a king.

COURTENAY.

Why not ? I am king's blood.

NOAILLES.

And in the whirl of change may come to be onc.

COURTENAY.

Ah !

NOAILLES.

But does your gracious Queen entreat you king-like

COURTENAY.

'Fore God, I think sho entertreats me like a child.

NOAILLES.

You've but a dull life in this maiden court,  
I fear, my Lord.

COURTENAY.

A life of nods and yawns.

NOAILLES.

So you would honour my poor house to-night,  
We might enliven you. Divers honest fellows,  
The Duke of Suffolk lately freed from prison,  
Sir Peter Carew and Sir Thomas Wyatt,  
Sir Thomas Stafford, and some more—we play.

COURTENAY.

At what ?

NOAILLES.

The Game of Chess.

COURTENAY.

The Game of Chess

I can play well, and I shall beat you there.

NOAILLES.

Ay, but we play with Henry, King of France,  
And certain of his court.  
His Highness makes his moves across the channel,  
We answer him with ours, and there are messengers  
That go between us.

COURTENAY.

Why, such a game, sir, were whole years a playing.

NOAILLES.

Nay ; not so long I trust. That all depends  
Upon the skill and swiftness of the players.

COURTENAY.

The King is skilful at it?

NOAILLES.

Very, my Lord,

COURTENAY.

And the stakes high?

NOAILLES.

But not beyond your means.

COURTENAY.

Well, I'm the first of players. I shall win.

NOAILLES.

With our advice and in our company

And so you well attend to the king's moves,  
I think you may.

COURTENAY.

When do you meet ?

NOAILLES.

To-night.

COURTENAY (*aside*).

I will be there ; the fellow's at his tricks—  
Deep—I shall fathom him. (*Aloud.*) Good morning,  
Noailles. [*Exit* COURTENAY.]

NOAILLES.

Good-day, my Lord. Strange game of chess ! a King  
That with her own pawns plays against a Queen,  
Whose play is all to find herself a King.  
Ay ; but this fine blue-blooded Courtenay seems  
Too princely for a pawn. Call him a Knight,  
That, with an ass's, not an horse's head,  
Skips every way, from levity or from fear.  
Well, we shall use him somehow, so that Gardiner  
And Simon Renard spy not out our game  
Too early. Roger, thinkest thou that anyone  
Suspected thee to be my man.

ROGER.

Not one, sir.

NOAILLES.

No ! the disguise was perfect. Let's away

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—LONDON. A ROOM IN THE PALACE.

ELIZABETH. *Enter* COURTENAY.

COURTENAY.

So yet am I,  
 Unless my friends and mirrors lie to me,  
 A goodlier-looking fellow than this Philip.  
 Pah!  
 The Queen is ill advised : shall I turn traitor ?  
 They've almost talk'd me into it : yet the word  
 Affrights me somewhat ; to be such a one  
 As Harry Bolingbroke hath a lure in it.  
 Good now, my Lady Queen, tho' by your age,  
 And by your looks you are not worth the having,  
 Yet by your crown you are.

[*Seeing* ELIZABETH

The Princess there ?

If I tried her and la—she's amorous.  
 Have we not heard of her in Edward's time,  
 Her freaks and frolics with the late Lord Admiral ?  
 I do believe she'd yield. I should be still  
 A party in the state ; and then, who knows—

ELIZABETH.

What are you musing on, my Lord of Devon ?

COURTENAY.

Has not the Queen—

ELIZABETH.

Done what, Sir ?

COURTENAY.

—Made you follow

The Lady Suffolk and the Lady Lennox.

You,

The heir presumptive.

ELIZABETH.

Why do you ask ? you know it.

COURTENAY.

You needs must bear it hardly.

ELIZABETH.

No, indeed !

I am utterly submissive to the Queen.

COURTENAY.

Well, I was musing upon that ; the Queen  
Is both my foe and yours : we should be friends.

ELIZABETH.

My Lord, the hatred of another to us  
Is no true bond of friendship.

COURTENAY.

Might it not

Be the rough preface of some closer bond ?

ELIZABETH.

My Lord, you late were loosed from out the Tower,  
Where, like a butterfly in a chrysalis,  
You spent your life ; that broken, out you flutter  
Thro' the new world, go zigzag, now would settle  
Upon this flower, now that ; but all things here  
At court are known ; you have solicited  
The Queen, and been rejected.

COURTENAY.

Flower, she !  
Half faded ! but you, cousin, are fresh and sweet  
As the first flower no bee has ever tried.

ELIZABETH.

Are you the bee to try me ? why, but now  
I called you butterfly.

COURTENAY.

You did me wrong,  
I love not to be called a butterfly :  
Why do you call me butterfly ?

ELIZABETH.

Why do you go so gay then ?

COURTENAY.

Velvet and gold.  
This dress was made me as the Earl of Devon  
To take my seat in ; looks it not right royal ?

ELIZABETH.

So royal that the Queen forbad you wearing it.

COURTENAY.

I wear it then to spite her.

ELIZABETH.

My Lord, my Lord ;  
I see you in the Tower again. Her Majesty  
Hears you affect the Prince—prelates kneel to you—

COURTENAY.

I am the noblest blood in Europe, Madam,  
A Courtenay of Devon, and her cousin.

ELIZABETH.

She hears you make your boast that after all  
She means to wed you. Folly, my good Lord.

COURTENAY.

How folly? a great party in the state  
Wills me to wed her.

ELIZABETH.

Failing her, my Lord,  
Doth not as great a party in the state  
Will you to wed me?

COURTENAY.

Even so, fair lady.

ELIZABETH.

You know to flatter ladies.

COURTENAY.

Nay, I meant  
True matters of the heart.

ELIZABETH.

My heart, my Lord,  
Is no great party in the state as yet.

COURTENAY.

Great said you? nay, you shall be great. I love you,  
Lay my life in your hands. Can you be close?

ELIZABETH.

Can you, my Lord?

COURTENAY.

Close as a miser's casket.

Listen ;

The King of France, Noailles the Ambassador,  
The Duke of Suffolk and Sir Peter Carew,  
Sir Thomas Wyatt, I myself, some others.  
Have sworn this Spanish marriage shall not be.  
If Mary will not hear us—well—conjecture—  
Were I in Devon with my wedded bride,  
The people there so worship me—Your ear ;  
You shall be Queen.

ELIZABETH.

You speak too low, my Lord ;

I cannot hear you.

COURTENAY.

I'll repeat it.

ELIZABETH.

No !

Stand further off, or you may lose your head.

COURTENAY.

I have a head to lose for your sweet sake.

ELIZABETH.

Have you, my Lord ? Best keep it for your own.  
Nay, pout not, cousin.  
Not many friends are mine, except indeed  
Among the many. I believe you mine ;  
And so you may continue mine, farewell,  
And that at once.

*Enter MARY, behind.*

MARY.

Whispering—leagued together  
To bar me from my Philip.



COURTENAY.

Pray—consider—

ELIZABETH (*seeing the QUEEN*).

Well, that's a noble horse of yours, my Lord.  
I trust that he will carry you well to-day,  
And heal your headache.

COURTENAY.

You are wild ; what headache ?  
Heartache, perchance ; not headache.

ELIZABETH (*aside to COURTENAY*).

Are you blind ?

[COURTENAY *sees the QUEEN and exit. Exit MARY.*

*Enter LORD WILLIAM HOWARD.*

HOWARD.

Was that my Lord of Devon ? do not you  
Be seen in corners with my Lord of Devon.  
He hath fallen out of favour with the Queen.  
She fears the Lords may side with you and him  
Against her marriage ; therefore is he dangerous.  
And if this Prince of fluff and feather come  
To woo you, niece, he is dangerous everyway.

ELIZABETH.

Not very dangerous that way, my good uncle.

HOWARD.

But your own state is full of danger here.  
The disaffected, heretics, reformers,  
Look to you as the one to crown their ends.  
Mix not yourself with any plot I pray you ;  
Nay, if by chance you hear of any such,

Speak not thereof—no, not to your best friend  
 Lest you should be confounded with it. Still—  
 Perinde ac cadaver—as the priest says,  
 You know your Latin—quiet as a dead body.  
 What was my Lord of Devon telling you?

ELIZABETH.

Whether he told me anything or not,  
 I follow your good counsel, gracious uncle.  
 Quiet as a dead body.

HOWARD.

You do right well.  
 I do not care to know ; but this I charge you,  
 Tell Courtenay nothing. The Lord Chancellor  
 (I count it as a kind of virtue in him,  
 He hath not many), as a mastiff dog  
 May love a puppy cur for no more reason  
 Than that the twain have been tied up together,  
 Thus Gardiner—for the two were fellow-prisoners  
 So many years in yon accursed Tower—  
 Hath taken to this Courtenay. Look to it, niece,  
 He hath no fence when Gardiner questions him ;  
 All oozes out ; yet him—because they know him ;  
 The last White Rose, the last Plantagenet  
 (Nay there is Cardinal Pole, too), the people  
 Claim as their natural leader—ay, some say,  
 That you shall marry him, make him King belike.

ELIZABETH.

Do they say so, good uncle ?

HOWARD.

Ay, good niece !  
 You should be plain and open with me, niece.  
 You should not play upon me.

ELIZABETH.

No, good uncle.

*Enter GARDINER.*

GARDINER.

The Queen would see your Grace upon the moment.

ELIZABETH.

Why, my lord Bishop ?

GARDINER.

I think she means to counsel your withdrawing  
To Ashridge, or some other country house.

ELIZABETH.

Why, my lord Bishop ?

GARDINER.

I do but bring the message, know no more.  
Your Grace will hear her reasons from herself.

ELIZABETH.

'Tis mine own wish fulfill'd before the word  
Was spoken, for in truth I had meant to crave  
Permission of her Highness to retire  
To Ashridge, and pursue my studies there

GARDINER.

Madam, to have the wish before the word  
Is man's good Fairy—and the Queen is yours.  
I left her with rich jewels in her hand,  
Whereof 'tis like enough she means to make  
A farewell present to your Grace.

ELIZABETH.

My Lord,

I have the jewel of a loyal heart.

GARDINER.

I doubt it not, Madam, most loyal.

[*Bows low and exit.*]

HOWARD.

See,

This comes of parleying with my Lord of Devon.  
Well, well, you must obey ; and I myself  
Believe it will be better for your welfare.  
Your time will come.

ELIZABETH.

I think my time will come.

Uncle,

I am of sovereign nature, that I know,  
Not to be quell'd ; and I have felt within me  
Stirrings of some great doom when God's just hour  
Peals—but this fierce old Gardiner—his big baldness,  
That irritable forelock which he rubs,  
His buzzard beak and deep-incavern'd eyes  
Half fright me.

HOWARD.

You've a bold heart ; keep it so.  
He cannot touch you save that you turn traitor ;  
And so take heed I pray you—you are one  
Who love that men should smile upon you, niece.  
They'd smile you into treason—some of them.

ELIZABETH.

I spy the rock beneath the smiling sea.  
But if this Philip, the proud Catholic prince,  
And this bald priest, and she that hates me, seek  
In that lone house, to practise on my life,  
By poison, fire, shot, stab—

HOWARD.

They will not, niece.  
 Mine is the fleet and all the power at sea—  
 Or will be in a moment. If they dared  
 To harm you, I would blow this Philip and all  
 Your trouble to the dogstar and the devil.

ELIZABETH.

To the Pleiads, uncle ; they have lost a sister.

HOWARD.

But why say that ? what have you done to lose her ?  
 Come, come, I will go with you to the Queen. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—A ROOM IN THE PALACE.

MARY *with PHILIP's miniature.* ALICE.

MARY (*kissing the miniature*).

Most goodly, Kinglike and an Emperor's son,—  
 A king to be,—is he not noble, girl ?

ALICE.

Goodly enough, your Grace, and yet, methinks,  
 I have seen goodlier.

MARY.

Ay ; some waxen doll  
 Thy baby eyes have rested on, belike ;  
 All red and white, the fashion of our land.  
 But my good mother came (God rest her soul)  
 Of Spain, and I am Spanish in myself,  
 And in my likings.

ALICE.

By your Grace's leave  
Your royal mother came of Spain, but took  
To the English red and white. Your royal father  
(For so they say) was all pure lily and rose  
In his youth, and like a lady.

MARY.

O, just God !  
Sweet mother, you had time and cause enough  
To sicken of his lilies and his roses.  
Cast off, betray'd, defamed, divorced, forlorn !  
And then the king—that traitor past forgiveness,  
The false archbishop fawning on him, married  
The mother of Elizabeth—a heretic  
Ev'n as *she* is ; but God has sent me here  
To take such order with all heretics  
That it shall be before I die, as tho'  
My father and my brother had not lived.  
What wast thou saying of this Lady Jane,  
Now in the Tower ?

ALICE.

Why, Madam, she was passing  
Some chapel down in Essex, and with her  
Lady Anne Wharton, and the Lady Anne  
Bow'd to the Pyx ; but Lady Jane stood up  
Stiff as the very backbone of heresy.  
And wherefore bow ye not, says Lady Anne  
To him within there who made Heaven and Earth ?  
I cannot, and I dare not, tell your Grace  
What Lady Jane replied.

MARY.

But I will have it.

ALICE.

She said—pray pardon me, and pity her--

She hath hearken'd evil counsel—ah ! she said,  
The baker made him.

MARY.

Monstrous ! blasphemous !

She ought to burn. Hence, thou (*Exit ALICE*). No—being  
traitor

Her head will fall : shall it ? she is but a child

We do not kill the child for doing that

His father whipt him into doing—a head

So full of grace and beauty ! would that mine

Were half as gracious ! O, my lord to be,

My love, for thy sake only.

I am eleven years older than he is.

But will he care for that ?

No, by the holy Virgin, being noble,

But love me only : then the bastard sprout,

My sister, is far fairer than myself.

Will he be drawn to her ?

No, being of the true faith with myself.

Paget is for him—for to wed with Spain,

Would treble England—Gardiner is against him :

The Council, people, Parliament against him ;

But I will have him ! My hard father hated me ;

My brother rather hated me than loved ;

My sister cowers and hates me. Holy Virgin,

Plead with thy blessed son ; grant me my prayer ;

Give me my Philip ; and we two will lead

The living waters of the Faith again

Back thro' their widow'd channel here, and watch

The parch'd banks rolling incense, as of old,

To heaven, and kindled with the palms of Christ !

*Enter USHER.*

Who waits, sir ?

USHER.

Madam, the Lord Chancellor.

MARY.

Bid him come in. (*Enter GARDINER.*) Good morning,  
my good Lord. [*Exit USHER.*]

GARDINER.

That every morning of your Majesty  
May be most good, is every morning's prayer  
Of your most loyal subject, Stephen Gardiner.

MARY.

Come you to tell me this, my Lord ?

GARDINER.

And more.

Your people have begun to learn your worth.  
Your pious wish to pay King Edward's debts,  
Your lavish household curb'd, and the remission  
Of half that subsidy levied on the people,  
Make all tongues praise and all hearts beat for you.  
I'd have you yet more loved : the realm is poor,  
The exchequer at neap-ebb : we might withdraw  
Part of our garrison at Calais.

MARY.

Calais !

Our one point on the main, the gate of France !  
I am Queen of England, take mine eyes, mine heart,  
But do not lose me Calais.

GARDINER.

Do not fear it.

Of that hereafter. I say your Grace is loved.  
That I may keep you thus, who am your friend  
And ever faithful counsellor, might I speak ?

MARY.

I can forespeak your speaking. Would I marry  
Prince Philip, if all England hate him ? That is



Your question, and I front it with another :  
Is it England, or a party? Now, your answer.

GARDINER.

My answer is, I wear beneath my dress  
A shirt of mail : my house hath been assaulted,  
And when I walk abroad, the populace,  
With fingers pointed like so many daggers,  
Stab me in fancy, hissing Spain and Philip ;  
And when I sleep, a hundred men-at-arms  
Guard my poor dreams for England. Men would murder  
me,  
Because they think me favourer of this marriage.

MARY.

And that were hard upon you, my Lord Chancellor.

GARDINER.

But our young Earl of Devon—

MARY.

Earl of Devon ?

I freed him from the Tower, placed him at Court ;  
I made him Earl of Devon, and—the fool—  
He wrecks his health and wealth on courtesans,  
And rolls himself in carrion like a dog.

GARDINER.

More like a school-boy that hath broken bounds,  
Sickening himself with sweets.

MARY.

I will not hear of him.

Good, then, they will revolt : but I am Tudor,  
And shall control them.

GARDINER.

I will help you, Madam,  
 Even to the utmost. All the church is grateful.  
 You have ousted the mock priest, repulpited  
 The shepherd of St. Peter, raised the rood again,  
 And brought us back the mass. I am all thanks  
 To God and to your Grace : yet I know well,  
 Your people, and I go with them so far,  
 Will brook nor Pope nor Spaniard here to play  
 The tyrant, or in commonwealth or church.

MARY (*showing the picture*).

Is this the face of one who plays the tyrant ?  
 Peruse it ; is not goodly, ay, and gentle ?

GARDINER.

Madam, methinks a cold face and a haughty.  
 And when your Highness talks of Courtenay—  
 Ay, true—a goodly one. I would his life  
 Were half as goodly (*aside*).

MARY.

What is that you mutter

GARDINER.

Oh, Madam, take it bluntly ; marry Philip,  
 And be stepmother of a score of sons !  
 The Prince is known in Spain, in Flanders, ha !  
 For Philip—

MARY.

You offend us ; you may leave us  
 You see thro' warping glasses.

GARDINER.

If your Majesty—

MARY.

I have sworn upon the body and blood of Christ  
I'll none but Philip.

GARDINER.

Hath your Grace so sworn ?

MARY.

Ay, Simon Renard knows it.

GARDINER.

News to me !  
It then remains for your poor Gardiner,  
So you still care to trust him somewhat less  
Than Simon Renard, to compose the event  
In some such form as least may harm your Grace.

MARY.

I'll have the scandal sounded to the mud.  
I know it a scandal.

GARDINER.

All my hope is now  
It may be found a scandal.

MARY.

You offend us.

GARDINER (*aside*).

These princes are like children, must be physick'd,  
The bitter in the sweet. I have lost mine office,  
It may be, thro' mine honesty, like a fool.

[*Exit.*

*Enter* USHER.

MARY.

Who waits ?

USHER.

The Ambassador from France, your Grace.

MARY.

Bid him come in. Good morning, Sir de Noailles.

[Exit USHER.]

NOAILLES (*entering*).

A happy morning to your Majesty.

MARY.

And I should some time have a happy morning ;  
I have had none yet. What says the King your master ?

NOAILLES.

Madam, my master hears with much alarm,  
That you may marry Philip, Prince of Spain—  
Foreseeing, with whate'er unwillingness,  
That if this Philip be the titular king  
Of England, and at war with him, your Grace  
And kingdom will be suck'd into the war,  
Ay, tho' you long for peace ; wherefore, my master,  
If but to prove your Majesty's goodwill,  
Would fain have some fresh treaty drawn between you.

MARY.

Why some fresh treaty ? wherefore should I do it ?  
Sir, if we marry, we shall still maintain  
All former treaties with his Majesty.  
Our royal word for that ! and your good master,  
Pray God he do not be the first to break them,  
Must be content with that ; and so, farewell.

NOAILLES (*going, returns*).

I would your answer had been other, Madam,  
For I foresee dark days.

MARY.

And so do I, sir ;  
Your master works against me in the dark.  
I do believe he help Northumberland  
Against me.

NOAILLES.

Nay, pure phantasy, your Grace.  
Why should he move against you ?

MARY.

Will you hear why ?

Mary of Scotland,—for I have not own'd  
My sister, and I will not,—after me  
Is heir of England ; and my royal father,  
To make the crown of Scotland one with ours,  
Had mark'd her for my brother Edward's bride ;  
Ay, but your king stole her a babe from Scotland  
In order to betroth her to your Dauphin.  
See then :  
Mary of Scotland, married to your Dauphin,  
Would make our England, France ;  
Mary of England, joining hands with Spain,  
Would be too strong for France.  
Yea, were there issue born to her, Spain and we,  
One crown, might rule the world. There lies your fear.  
That is your drift You play at hide and seek.  
Show me your faces !

NOAILLES.

Madam, I am amazed :  
French, I must needs wish all good things for France.  
That must be pardon'd me ; but I protest  
Your Grace's policy hath a farther flight  
Than mine into the future. We but seek  
Some settled ground for peace to stand upon.

MARY.

Well, we will leave all this, sir, to our council.  
Have you seen Philip over?

NOAILLES.

Only once.

MARY.

Is this like Philip?

NOAILLES.

Ay, but nobler-looking.

MARY.

Hath he the large ability of the Emperor?

NOAILLES.

No, surely.

MARY.

I can make allowance for thee,  
Thou speakest of the enemy of thy king.

NOAILLES.

Make no allowance for the naked truth.  
He is every way a lesser man than Charles;  
Stone-hard, ice-cold—no dash of daring in him.

MARY.

If cold, his life is pure.

NOAILLES.

Why (*smiling*), no, indeed.

MARY.

Sayst thou ?

NOAILLES.

A very wanton life indeed (*smiling*).

MARY.

Your audience is concluded, sir. [*Exit* NOAILLES.

You cannot

Learn a man's nature from his natural foe.

*Enter* USHER.

Who waits ?

USHER.

The ambassador of Spain, your Grace.

[*Exit*.

*Enter* SIMON RENARD.

MARY.

Thou art ever welcome, Simon Renard. Hast thou  
Brought me the letter which thine Emperor promised  
Long since, a formal offer of the hand  
Of Philip ?

RENARD.

Nay, your Grace, it hath not reach'd me.  
I know not wherefore—some mischance of flood,  
And broken bridge, or spavin'd horse, or wave  
And wind at their old battle ; he must have written.

MARY.

But Philip never writes me one poor word,  
Which in his absence had been all my wealth.  
Strange in a wooer !

RENARD.

Yet I know the Prince,  
So your king-parliament suffer him to land,  
Yearns to set foot upon your island shore.

MARY.

God change the pebble which his kingly foot  
First presses into some more costly stone  
Than ever blinded eye. I'll have one mark it  
And bring it me. I'll have it burnished firelike ;  
I'll set it round with gold, with pearl, with diamond.  
Let the great angel of the Church come with him ;  
Stand on the deck and spread his wings for sail !  
God lay the waves and strow the storms at sea,  
And here at land among the people. O Renard,  
I am much beset, I am almost in despair.  
Paget is ours. Gardiner perchance is ours ;  
But for our heretic Parliament—

RENARD.

O Madam,  
You fly your thoughts like kites. My master, Charles,  
Bad you go softly with your heretics here,  
Until your throne had ceased to tremble. Then  
Spit them like larks for aught I care. Besides,  
When Henry broke the carcass of your Church  
To pieces, there were many wolves among you  
Who dragg'd the scatter'd limbs into their den.  
The Pope would have you make them render these ;  
So would your cousin, Cardinal Pole ; ill counsel !  
These let them keep at present ; stir not yet  
This matter of the Church lands. At his coming  
Your star will rise.

MARY.

My star ! a baleful one.  
I see but the black night, and hear the wolf.  
What star ?



RENARD.

Your star will be your princely son,  
Heir of this England and the Netherlands !  
And if your wolf the while should howl for more  
We'll dust him from a bag of Spanish gold.  
I do believe, I have dusted some already,  
That, soon or late, your parliament is ours.

MARY.

Why do they talk so foully of your Prince,  
Renard ?

RENARD.

The lot of Princes. To sit high  
Is to be lied about.

MARY.

They call him cold,  
Haughty, ay, worse.

RENARD.

Why, doubtless, Philip shows  
Some of the bearing of your blue blood—still  
All within measure—nay, it well becomes him.

MARY.

Hath he the large ability of his father ?

RENARD.

Nay, some believe that he will go beyond him.

MARY.

Is this like him ?

RENARD.

Ay, somewhat ; but your Philip  
Is the most princelike Prince beneath the sun.  
This is a daub to Philip.

MARY.

Of a pure life ?

RENARD.

As an angel among angels. Yea, by Heaven,  
The text—Your Highness knows it, “Whosoever  
Looketh after a woman,” would not graze  
The Prince of Spain. You are happy in him there,  
Chaste as your Grace !

MARY.

I am happy in him there.

RENARD.

And would be altogether happy, Madam,  
So that your sister were but look'd to closer.  
You have sent her from the court, but then she goes,  
I warrant, not to hear the nightingales,  
But hatch you some new treason in the woods.

MARY.

We have our spies abroad to catch her tripping,  
And then if caught, to the Tower.

RENARD.

The Tower ! the block.  
The word has turn'd your Highness pale ; the thing  
Was no such scarcecrow in your father's time.  
I have heard, the tongue yet quiver'd with the jest  
When the head leapt—so common ! I do think  
To save your crown that it must come to this.

MARY.

I love her not, but all the people love her,  
And would not have her even to the Tower.

RENARD.

Not yet ; but your old Traitors of the Tower—  
Why, when you put Northumberland to death,  
The sentence having past upon them all,  
Spared you the Duke of Suffolk, Guildford Dudley,  
Ev'n that young girl who dared to wear your crown ?

MARY.

Dared, no, not that : the child obey'd her father.  
Spite of her tears her father forced it on her.

RENARD.

Good Madam, when the Roman wish'd to reign,  
He slew not him alone who wore the purple,  
But his assessor in the throne, perchance  
A child more innocent than Lady Jane.

MARY.

I am English Queen, not Roman Emperor.

RENARD.

Yet too much mercy is a want of mercy,  
And wastes more life. Stamp out the fire, or this  
Will smoulder and re-flame, and burn the throne  
Where you should sit with Philip : he will not come  
Till she be gone.

MARY.

Indeed, if that were true—  
But I must say farewell. I am somewhat faint  
With our long talk. Tho' Queen, I am not Queen  
Of mine own heart, which every now and then

Boats me half dead : yet stay, this golden chain—  
 My father on a birthday gave it me,  
 And I have broken with my father—take  
 And wear it as a memorial of a morning  
 Which found me full of foolish doubts, and leaves me  
 As hopeful.

RENARD (*aside*).

Whew—the folly of all follies  
 Is to be love-sick for a shadow. (*aloud*) Madam,  
 This chains me to your service, not with gold,  
 But dearest links of love. Farewell, and trust me,  
 Philip is yours.

MARY.

Mine —but not yet aM mine.

*Enter USHER.*

Your Council is in Session, please your Majesty.

MARY.

Sir, let them sit. I must have time to breathe.  
 No, say I come. (*Exit USHER.*) I won by boldness once.  
 The Emperor counsell'd me to fly to Flanders.  
 I would not ; but a hundred miles I rode,  
 Sent out my letters, call'd my friends together.  
 Struck home and won.  
 And when the Council would not crown me—thought  
 To bind me first by oaths I could not keep,  
 And keep with Christ and conscience—was it boldness  
 Or weakness that won there ? when I, their Queen,  
 Cast myself down upon my knees before them,  
 And those hard men brake into woman tears,  
 Ev'n Gardiner, all amazed, and in that passion  
 Gave me my Crown.

*Enter ALICE.*

Girl ; hast thou ever heard  
 Slanders against Prince Philip in our Court ?

ALICE.

What slanders ? I, your Grace ; no, never.

MARY.

Nothing ?

ALICE.

Never, your Grace.

MARY.

See that you neither hear them nor repeat !

ALICE (*aside*).

Good Lord ! but I have heard a thousand such.  
Ay, and repeated them as often—mum !  
Why comes that old fox-Fleming back again ?

*Enter* RENARD.

RENARD.

Madam, I scarce had left your Grace's presence  
Before I chanced upon the messenger  
Who brings that letter which we waited for—  
The formal offer of Prince Philip's hand.  
It craves an instant answer, Ay or No ?

MARY.

An instant, Ay or No ! the Council sits.  
Give it me quick.

ALICE (*stepping before her*).

Your Highness is all trembling.

MARY.

Make way.

[*Exit into the Council Chamber.*]

ALICE.

O, Master Renard, Master Renard,  
If you have falsely painted your fine Prince ;  
Praised, where you should have blamed him, I pray God  
No woman ever love you, Master Renard.  
It breaks my heart to hear her moan at night  
As tho' the nightmare never left her bed.

RENARD.

My pretty maiden, tell me, did you ever  
Sigh for a beard ?

ALICE.

That's not a pretty question.

RENARD.

Not prettily put ? I mean, my pretty maiden,  
A pretty man for such a pretty maiden.

ALICE.

My Lord of Devon is a pretty man.  
I hate him. Well, but if I have, what then ?

RENARD.

Then, pretty maiden, you should know that whether  
A wind be warm or cold, it serves to fan  
A kindled fire.

ALICE.

According to the song.

“ His friends would praise him, I believed 'em,  
His foes would blame him, and I scorn'd 'em,  
His friends—as Angels I received 'em,  
His foes—The Devil had suborn'd em.”

RENARD.

Peace, pretty maiden.  
I hear them stirring in the Council Chamber.  
Lord Paget's "Ay" is sure—who else? and yet,  
They are all too much at odds to close at once  
In one full throated No! Her Highness comes.

*Enter MARY.*

ALICE.

How deathly pale!—a chair, your Highness.  
[*Bringing one to the QUEEN.*]

RENARD.

The Council?

Madam,

MARY.

Ay! My Philip is all mine.  
[*Sinks into chair, half fainting.*]

## ACT II.

## SCENE I.—ALINGTON CASTLE.

SIR THOMAS WYATT.

I do not hear from Carew or the Duke  
Of Suffolk, and till then I should not move.  
The Duke hath gone to Leicester ; Carew stirs  
In Devon : that fine porcelain Courtenay,  
Save that he fears he might be crack'd in using,  
(I have known a semi-madman in my time  
So fancy-ridd'n) should be in Devon too.

*Enter WILLIAM.*

News abroad, William ?

WILLIAM.

None so new, Sir Thomas, and none so old, Sir Thomas.  
No new news that Philip comes to wed Mary, no old news  
that all men hate it. Old Sir Thomas would have hated it.  
The bells are ringing at Maidstone. Doesn't your worship  
hear ?

WYATT.

Ay, for the Saints are come to reign again.  
Most like it is a Saint's-day. There's no call  
As yet for me ; so in this pause, before  
The mine be fired, it were a pious work  
To string my father's sonnets, left about  
Like loosely-scatter'd jewels, in fair order,



And head them with a lamer rhyme of mine,  
To grace his memory.

WILLIAM.

Ay, why not, Sir Thomas? He was a fine courtier, he ;  
Queen Anne loved him. All the women loved him. I loved  
him, I was in Spain with him. I couldn't eat in Spain, I  
couldn't sleep in Spain. I hate Spain, Sir Thomas.

WYATT.

But thou could'st drink in Spain if I remember.

WILLIAM.

Sir Thomas, we may grant the wine. Old Sir Thomas  
Always granted the wine.

WYATT.

Hand me the casket with my father's sonnets.

WILLIAM.

Ay—sonnets—a fine courtier of the old Court, old Sir  
Thomas.

[Exit.

WYATT.

Courtier of many courts, he loved the more  
His own gray towers, plain life and letter'd peace,  
To read and rhyme in solitary fields,  
The lark above, and nightingale below,  
And answer them in song. The Sire begets  
Not half his likeness in the son. I fail  
Where he was fullest : yet— to write it down. [He writes.

*Re-enter* WILLIAM.

WILLIAM.

There is news, there *is* news, and no call for sonnet-sorting  
now, nor for sonnet-making either, but ten thousand men on

Penenden Heath all calling after your worship, and your worship's name heard into Maidstone market, and your worship the first man in Kent and Christendom, for the world's up, and your worship a-top of it.

WYATT.

Inverted Æsop—mountain out of mouse.  
Say for ten thousand ten—and pothouse knaves,  
Brain-dizzied with a draught of morning ale.

*Enter* ANTONY KNYVETT.

WILLIAM.

Here's Antony Knyvett.

KNYVETT.

Look you, Master Wyatt,  
Tear up that woman's work there.

WYATT.

No ; not these,  
Dumb children of my father, that will speak  
When I and thou and all rebellions lie  
Dead bodies without voice. Song flies you know  
For ages.

KNYVETT.

Tut, your sonnet's a flying ant,  
Wing'd for a moment.

WYATT.

Well, for mine own work, [*tearing the paper.*]  
It lies there in six pieces at your feet ;  
For all that I can carry it in my head.

KNYVETT.

If you can carry your head upon your shoulders.

WYATT.

I fear you come to carry it off my shoulders,  
And sonnet-making's safer.

KNYVETT.

Why, good Lord,  
Write you as many sonnets as you will.  
Ay, but not now ; what, have you eyes, ears, brains ?  
This Philip and the black-faced swarms of Spain,  
The hardest, cruellest people in the world,  
Come locusting upon us, eat us up,  
Confiscate lands, goods, money—Wyatt, Wyatt,  
Wake, or the stout old island will become  
A rotten limb of Spain. They roar for you  
On Penenden Heath, a thousand of them—more—  
All arm'd, waiting a leader ; there's no glory  
Like his who saves his country : and you sit  
Sing-singing here ; but if I'm any judge,  
By God you are as poor a poet, Wyatt,  
As a good soldier.

WYATT.

You as poor a critic  
As an honest friend : you stroke me on one cheek,  
Buffet the other. Come, you bluster, Antony !  
You know I know all this. I must not move  
Until I hear from Carew and the Duke.  
I fear the mine is fired before the time.

KNYVETT (*showing a paper*).

But here's some Hebrew. Faith, I half forgot it.  
Look ; can you make it English ? A strange youth  
Suddenly thrust it on me, whisper'd " Wyatt,"  
And whisking round a corner, show'd his back  
Before I read his face.

WYATT.

Ha ! Courtenay's cipher. [*Reads.*

“ Sir Peter Carew fled to France : it is thought the Duke will be taken. I am with you still ; but, for appearance sake, stay with the Queen. Gardiner knows, but the Council are all at odds, and the Queen hath no force for resistance. Move, if you move, at once.”

Is Peter Carew fled ? Is the Duke taken ?  
Down scabbard, and out sword ! and let Rebellion  
Roar till throne rock, and crown fall. No ; not that ;  
But we will teach Queen Mary how to reign.  
Who are those that shout below there ?

KNYVETT.

Why, some fifty  
That follow'd me from Penenden Heath in hope  
To hear you speak.

WYATT.

Open the window, Knyvett ;  
The mine is fired, and I will speak to them.

Men of Kent : England of England ; you that have kept your old customs upright, while all the rest of England bow'd theirs to the Norman, the cause that has brought us together is not the cause of a county or a shire, but of this England, in whose crown our Kent is the fairest jewel. Philip shall not wed Mary ; and ye have called me to be your leader. I know Spain. I have been there with my father ; I have seen them in their own land ; have marked the haughtiness of their nobles ; the cruelty of their priests. If this man marry our Queen, however the Council and the Commons may fence round his power with restriction, he will be King, King of England, my masters ; and the Queen, and the laws, and the people his slaves. What ? shall we have Spain on the throne and in the parliament ; Spain in the pulpit and on the law-bench ; Spain in all the great offices of state ; Spain in our ships, in our forts, in our houses, in our beds ?

CROWD

No ! no ! no Spain.

WILLIAM.

No Spain in our beds—that were worse than all. I have been there with old Sir Thomas, and the beds I know. I hate Spain.

A PEASANT.

But, Sir Thomas, must we levy war against the Queen's Grace?

WYATT.

No, my friend; war *for* the Queen's Grace—to save her from herself and Philip—war against Spain. And think not we shall be alone—thousands will flock to us. The Council, the Court itself, is on our side. The Lord Chancellor himself is on our side. The King of France is with us; the King of Denmark is with us; the world is with us—war against Spain! And if we move not now, yet it will be known that we have moved; and if Philip come to be King, O, my God! the rope, the rack, the thumbscrew, the stake, the fire. If we move not now, Spain moves, bribes our nobles with her gold, and creeps, creeps snake-like about our legs till we cannot move at all; and ye know, my masters, that wherever Spain hath ruled she hath withered all beneath her. Look at the New World—a paradise made hell; the red man, that good helpless creature, starved, maim'd, flogg'd, flay'd, burn'd, boil'd, buried alive, worried by dogs; and here nearer home, the Netherlands, Sicily, Naples, Lombardy. I say no more—only this, their lot is yours. Forward to London with me! forward to London! If ye love your liberties or your skins, forward to London!

CROWD.

Forward to London! A Wyatt! a Wyatt!

WYATT.

But first to Rochester, to take the guns  
From out the vessels lying in the river.  
Then on.

PEASANT.

Ay, but I fear we be too few, Sir Thomas.

WYATT.

Not many yet. The world as yet, my friend,  
Is not half-waked ; but every parish tower  
Shall clang and clash alarum as we pass,  
And pour along the land, and swoll'n and fed  
With indraughts and side-currents, in full force  
Roll upon London.

CROWD.

A Wyatt ! a Wyatt ! Forward

KNYVETT.

Wyatt, shall we proclaim Elizabeth ?

WYATT.

I'll think upon it, Knyvett.

KNYVETT.

Or Lady Jane ?

WYATT.

No, poor soul ; no.  
Ah, gray old castle of Alington, green field  
Beside the brimming Medway, it may chance  
That I shall never look upon you more.

KNYVETT.

Come, now, you're sonnetting again.

WYATT.

Not I.

I'll have my head set higher in the state ;  
Or—if the Lord God will it—on the stake. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE II.—GUILDHALL.

SIR THOMAS WHITE (The Lord Mayor), LORD WILLIAM HOWARD, SIR RALPH BAGENHALL, ALDERMEN *and* CITIZENS.

WHITE.

I trust the Queen comes hither with her guards.

HOWARD.

Ay, all in arms.

*[Several of the Citizens move hastily out of the hall.*  
Why do they hurry out there ?

WHITE.

My Lord, cut out the rotten from your apple,  
Your apple eats the better. Let them go.  
They go like those old Pharisees in John  
Convicted by their conscience, arrant cowards,  
Or tamperers with that treason out of Kent.  
When will her Grace be here ?

HOWARD.

In some few minutes.

She will address your guilds and companies.  
I have striven in vain to raise a man for her.  
But help her in this exigency, make  
Your city loyal, and be the mightiest man  
This day in England.

WHITE.

I am Thomas White.

Few things have fail'd to which I set my will.  
I do my most and best.

HOWARD.

You know that after  
The Captain Brett, who went with your train bands

To fight with Wyatt, had gone over to him  
 With all his men, the Queen in that distress  
 Sent Cornwallis and Hastings to the traitor,  
 Feigning to treat with him about her marriage—  
 Know too what Wyatt said.

WHITE.

He'd sooner be,  
 While this same marriage question was being argued,  
 Trusted than trust—the scoundrel—and demanded  
 Possession of her person and the Tower.

HOWARD.

And four of her poor Council too, my Lord,  
 As hostages.

WHITE.

I know it. What do and say  
 Your Council at this hour?

HOWARD.

I will trust you.  
 We fling ourselves on you, my Lord. The Council,  
 The parliament as well, are troubled waters;  
 And yet like waters of the fen they know not  
 Which way to flow. All hangs on her address,  
 And upon you, Lord Mayor.

WHITE.

How look'd the city  
 When now you past it? Quiet?

HOWARD.

Like our Council,  
 Your city is divided. As we past,  
 Some hail'd, some hiss'd us. There were citizens  
 Stood each before his shut-up booth, and look'd  
 As grim and grave as from a funeral.



And here a knot of ruffians all in rags  
With execrating execrable eyes,  
Glared at the citizen. Here was a young mother,  
Her face on flame, her red hair all blown back,  
She shrilling "Wyatt," while the boy she held  
Mimick'd and piped her "Wyatt," as red as she  
In hair and cheek ; and almost elbowing her,  
So close they stood, another, mute as death,  
And white as her own milk ; her babe in arms  
Had felt the faltering of his mother's heart.  
And look'd as bloodless. Here a pious Catholic,  
Mumbling and mixing up in his scared prayers  
Heaven and earth's Maries ; over his bow'd shoulder  
Scowl'd that world-hated and world-hating beast,  
A haggard Anabaptist. Many such groups.  
The names of Wyatt, Elizabeth, Courtenay,  
Nay the Queen's right to reign—'fore God, the rogues—  
Were freely buzz'd among them. So I say  
Your city is divided, and I fear  
One scruple, this or that way, of success  
Would turn it thither. Wherefore now the Queen  
In this low pulse and palsy of the state,  
Bad me to tell you that she counts on you  
And on myself as her two hands ; on you,  
In your own city, as her right, my Lord,  
For you are loyal.

WHITE.

Am I Thomas White ?

One word before she comes. Elizabeth—  
Her name is much abused among these traitors.  
Where is she ? She is loved by all of us.  
I scarce have heart to mingle in this matter.  
If she should be mishandled ?

HOWARD.

No ; she shall not.

The Queen had written her word to come to court :  
Methought I smelt out Renard in the letter,

And fearing for her, sent a secret missive,  
Which told her to be sick. Happily or not,  
It found her sick indeed.

WHITE.

God send her well ;  
Here comes her Royal Grace.

*Enter Guards, MARY and GARDINER. SIR THOMAS WHITE  
leads her to a raised seat on the dais.*

WHITE.

I, the Lord Mayor, and these our companies  
And guilds of London, gathered here, beseech  
Your Highness to accept our lowliest thanks  
For your most princely presence ; and we pray  
That we, your true and loyal citizens,  
From your own royal lips, at once may know  
The wherefore of this coming, and so learn  
Your Royal will, and do it—I, Lord Mayor  
Of London and our Guilds and Companies.

MARY.

In mine own person am I come to you,  
To tell you what indeed ye see and know,  
How traitorously these rebels out of Kent  
Have made strong head against ourselves and you.  
They would not have me wed the Prince of Spain ;  
That was their pretext—so they spake at first—  
But we sent divers of our Council to them,  
And by their answers to the question ask'd,  
It doth appear this marriage is the least  
Of all their quarrel.  
They have betrayed the treason of their hearts :  
Seek to possess our person, hold our Tower,  
Place and displace our councillors, and use  
Both us and them according as they will.  
Now what am I ye know right well—your Queen ;  
To whom, when I was wedded to the realm

And the realm's laws (the spousal ring whereof,  
Not ever to be laid aside, I wear  
Upon this finger), ye did promise full  
Allegiance and obedience to the death.  
Ye know my father was the rightful h  
Of England, and his right came down to me,  
Corroborate by your acts of Parliament :  
And as ye were most loving unto him,  
So doubtless will ye show yourselves to me.  
Wherefore, ye will not brook that anyone  
Should seize our person, occupy our state,  
More specially a traitor so presumptuous  
As this same Wyatt, who hath tamper'd with  
A public ignorance, and, under colour  
Of such a cause as hath no colour, seeks  
To bend the laws to his own will, and yield  
Full scope to persons rascal and forlorn,  
To make free spoil and havock of your goods  
Now as your Prince, I say,  
I, that was never mother, cannot tell  
How mothers love their children ; yet, methinks,  
A prince as naturally may love his people  
As these their children ; and be sure your Queen  
So loves you, and so loving, needs must deem  
This love by you return'd as heartily ;  
And thro' this common knot and bond of love,  
Doubt not they will be speedily overthrown.  
As to this marriage, ye shall understand  
We made thereto no treaty of ourselves,  
And set no foot theretoward unadvised  
Of all our Privy Council ; furthermore,  
This marriage had the assent of those to whom  
The king, my father, did commit his trust ;  
Who not alone esteem'd it honourable,  
But for the wealth and glory of our realm,  
And all our loving subjects, most expedient.  
As to myself,  
I am not so set on wedlock as to choose  
But where I list, nor yet so amorous  
That I must needs be husbanded ; I thank God,  
I have lived a virgin, and I noway doubt

But that with God's grace, I can live so still.  
 Yet if it might please God that I should leave  
 Some fruit of mine own body after me,  
 To be your king, ye would rejoice thereat,  
 And it would be your comfort, as I trust ;  
 And truly, if I either thought or knew  
 This marriage should bring loss or danger to you,  
 My subjects, or impair in any way  
 This royal state of England, I would never  
 Consent thereto, nor marry while I live ;  
 Moreover, if this marriage should not seem,  
 Before our own High Court of Parliament,  
 To be of rich advantage to our realm,  
 We will refrain, and not alone from this,  
 Likewise from any other, out of which  
 Looms the least chance of peril to our realm.  
 Wherefore be bold, and with your lawful Prince  
 Stand fast against our enemies and yours,  
 And fear them not. I fear them not. My Lord,  
 I leave Lord William Howard in your city,  
 To guard and keep you whole and safe from all  
 The spoil and sackage aim'd at by these rebels,  
 Who mouth and foam against the Prince of Spain.

VOICES.

Long live Queen Mary !

Down with Wyatt !

The Queen !

WHITE.

Three voices from our guilds and companies !  
 You are shy and proud like Englishmen, my masters,  
 And will not trust your voices. Understand :  
 Your lawful Prince hath come to cast herself  
 On loyal hearts and bosoms, hoped to fall  
 Into the wide-spread arms of fealty,  
 And finds you statues. Speak at once—and all !  
 For whom ?  
 Our sovereign Lady by King Harry's will ;  
 The Queen of England—or the Kentish Squire ?

I know you loyal. Speak ! in the name of God !  
 The Queen of England or the rabble of Kent ?  
 The reeking dungfork master of the mace !  
 Your havings wasted by the scythe and spade—  
 Your rights and charters hobnail'd into slush—  
 Your houses fired—your gutter bubbling blood——

## ACCLAMATION.

No ! No ! The Queen ! the Queen !

## WHITE.

Your Highness hears

This burst and bass of loyal harmony,  
 And how we each and all of us abhor  
 The venomous, bestial, devilish revolt  
 Of Thomas Wyatt. Hear us now make oath  
 To raise your Highness thirty thousand men,  
 And arm and strike as with one hand, and brush  
 This Wyatt from our shoulders, like a flea  
 That might have leapt upon us unawares.  
 Swear with me, noble fellow-citizens, all,  
 With all your trades, and guilds, and companies.

## CITIZENS.

We swear !

## MARY.

We thank your Lordship and your loyal city.  
 [*Exit MARY attended.*]

## WHITE.

I trust this day, thro' God, I have saved the crown.

## FIRST ALDERMAN.

Ay, so my Lord of Pembroke in command  
 Of all her force be safe ; but there are doubts.

SECOND ALDERMAN.

I hear that Gardiner, coming with the Queen,  
And meeting Pembroke, bent to his saddle-bow,  
As if to win the man by flattering him.  
*Is he so safe to fight upon her side ?*

FIRST ALDERMAN.

If not, there's no man safe.

WHITE.

Yes, Thomas White.

I am safe enough ; no man need flatter me.

SECOND ALDERMAN.

Nay, no man need ; but did you mark our Queen ?  
The colour freely play'd into her face,  
And the half sight which makes her look so stern,  
Seem'd thro' that dim dilated world of hers,  
To read our faces ; I have never seen her  
So queenly or so goodly.

WHITE.

Courage, sir,  
*That* makes or man or woman look their goodliest.  
Die like the torn fox dumb, but never whine  
Like that poor heart, Northumberland, at the block.

BAGENHALL.

The man had children, and he whined for those.  
Methinks most men are but poor-hearted, else  
Should we so doat on courage, were it commoner ?  
The Queen stands up, and speaks for her own self ;  
And all men cry, she is queenly, she is goodly-  
Yet she's no goodlier ; tho' my Lord Mayor here  
By his own rule, he hath been so bold to-day,  
Should look more goodly than the rest of us.

WHITE.

Goodly ? I feel most goodly heart and hand,  
 And strong to throw ten Wyatts and all Kent.  
 Ha ! ha ! sir ; but you jest ; I love it : a jest  
 In time of danger shows the pulses even.  
 Be merry ! yet, Sir Ralph, you look but sad.  
 I dare avouch you'd stand up for yourself,  
 Tho' all the world should bay like winter wolves.

BAGENHALL.

Who knows ? the man is proven by the hour.

WHITE.

The man should make the hour, not this the man ;  
 And Thomas White will prove this Thomas Wyatt,  
 And he will prove an Iden to this Cade,  
 And he will play the Walworth to this Wat ;  
 Come, sirs, we prate ; hence all—gather your men—  
 Myself must bustle. Wyatt comes to Southwark ;  
 I'll have the drawbridge hewn into the Thames,  
 And see the citizen arm'd. Good day ; good day.  
*Exit WHITE.*

BAGENHALL.

One of much outdoor bluster.

HOWARD.

For all that,  
 Most honest, brave, and skilful ; and his wealth  
 A fountain of perennial alms—his fault  
 So thoroughly to believe in his own self.

BAGENHALL.

Yet thoroughly to believe in one's own self,  
 So one's own self be thorough, were to do  
 Great things, my lord.

HOWARD.

It may be.

BAGENHALL.

I have heard  
One of your council flee and jeer at him.

HOWARD.

The nursery-cocker'd child will jeer at aught  
That may seem strange beyond his nursery.  
The statesman that shall jeer and flee at men,  
Makes enemies for himself and for his king ;  
And if he jeer not seeing the true man  
Behind his folly, he is thrice the fool ;  
And if he see the man and still will jeer,  
He is child and fool, and traitor to the State.  
Who is he ? let me shun him.

BAGENHALL.

Nay, my Lord,  
He is damn'd enough already.

HOWARD.

I must set  
The guard at Ludgate. Fare you well, Sir Ralph.

BAGENHALL.

“ Who knows ? ” I am for England. But who knows,  
That knows the Queen, the Spaniard, and the Pope,  
Whether I be for Wyatt, or the Queen ? [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—LONDON BRIDGE.

*Enter* SIR THOMAS WYATT, and BRETT.

WYATT.

Brett, when the Duke of Norfolk moved against us  
Thou cried'st “ a Wyatt,” and flying to our side



Left his all bare, for which I love thee, Brett.  
Have for thine asking aught that I can give,  
For thro' thine help we are come to London Bridge ;  
But how to cross it balks me. I fear we cannot.

BRETT.

Nay, hardly, save by boat, swimming, or wings.

WYATT.

Last night I climb'd into the gate-house, Brett,  
And scared the gray old porter and his wife.  
And then I crept along the gloom and saw  
They had hewn the drawbridge down into the river.  
It roll'd as black as death ; and that same tide  
Which, coming with our coming, seem'd to smile  
And sparkle like our fortune as thou saidest,  
Ran sunless down, and moan'd against the piers.  
But o'er the chasm I saw Lord William Howard  
By torchlight, and his guard ; four guns gaped at me,  
Black, silent mouths : had Howard spied me there  
And made them speak, as well he might have done,  
Their voice had left me none to tell you this.  
What shall we do ?

BRETT.

On somehow. To go back  
Were to lose all.

WYATT.

On over London Bridge  
We cannot : stay we cannot ; there is ordnance  
On the White Tower and on the Devil's Tower,  
And pointed fuil at Southwark ; we must round  
By Kingston Bridge.

BRETT.

Ten miles about.

WYATT.

Ev'n so.

But I have notice from our partisans  
Within the city that they will stand by us  
If Ludgate can be reached by dawn to-morrow.

*Enter one of WYATT'S men.*

Sir Thomas, I've found this paper, pray your worship read it ; I know not my letters ; the old priests taught me nothing.

WYATT (*reads*).

“ Whosoever will apprehend the traitor Thomas Wyatt shall have a hundred pounds for reward.”

MAN.

Is that it ? That's a big lot of money.

WYATT.

Ay, ay, my friend ; not read it ? 'tis not written  
Half plain enough. Give me a piece of paper !  
[*Writes* “ THOMAS WYATT ” large,  
There, any man can read that. [Sticks it in his cap.

BRETT.

But that's foolhardy.

WYATT.

No ! boldness, which will give my followers boldness.

*Enter MAN with a prisoner.*

MAN.

We found him, your worship, a plundering o' Bishop Winchester's house ; he says he's a poor gentleman.

WYATT.

Gentleman, a thief ! Go hang him. Shall we make  
Those that we come to serve our sharpest foes.

BRETT.

Sir Thomas—

WYATT.

Hang him, I say.

BRETT.

Wyatt, but now you promised me a boon.

WYATT.

Ay, and I warrant this fine fellow's life.

BRETT.

Ev'n so ; he was my neighbour once in Kent.  
He's poor enough, has drunk and gambled out  
All that he had, and gentleman he was.  
We have been glad together ; let him live.

WYATT.

He has gambled for his life, and lost, he hangs.  
No, no, my word's my word. Take thy poor gentleman !  
Gamble thyself at once out of my sight,  
Or I will dig thee with my dagger. Away !  
Women and children !

*Enter a Crowd of WOMEN and Children.*

FIRST WOMAN.

O Sir Thomas, Sir Thomas, pray you go away, Sir Thomas,  
or you'll make the White Tower a black 'un for us this  
blessed day. He'll be the death on us ; and you'll set the  
Devil's Tower a-spitting, and he'll smash all our bits o' things  
worse than Philip o' Spain.

## SECOND WOMAN.

Don't ye now go to think that we be for Philip o' Spain.

## THIRD WOMAN.

No, we know that ye be come to kill the Queen, and we'll pray for you all on our bended knees. But o' God's mercy don't ye kill the Queen here, Sir Thomas; look ye, here's little Dickon, and little Robin, and little Jenny—though she's but a side cousin—and all on our knees, we pray you to kill the Queen further off, Sir Thomas.

## WYATT.

My friends I have not come to kill the Queen  
Or here or there: I come to save you all,  
And I'll go further off.

## CROWD.

Thanks, Sir Thomas, we be beholden to you, and we'll pray for you on our bended knees till our lives' end.

## WYATT.

Be happy, I am your friend.

To Kingston, forward!  
[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IV.—ROOM IN THE GATEHOUSE OF WESTMINSTER PALACE.

MARY, ALICE, GARDINER, RENARD, LADIES.

## ALICE.

O madam, if Lord Pembroke should be false?

## MARY.

No, girl; most brave and loyal, brave and loyal.  
His breaking with Northumberland broke Northumberland.

At the park gate he hovers with our guards.  
These Kentish ploughmen cannot break the guards.

*Enter* MESSENGER.

MESSENGER.

Wyatt, your Grace, hath broken thro' the guards  
And gone to Ludgate.

GARDINER.

Madam, I much fear  
That all is lost ; but we can save your Grace.  
The river still is free. I do beseech you,  
There yet is time, take boat and pass to Windsor.

MARY.

I pass to Windsor and I lose my crown.

GARDINER.

Pass, then, I pray your Highness, to the Tower.

MARY.

I shall but be their prisoner in the Tower.

CRIES *without*.

The traitor ! treason ! Pembroke !

LADIES.

Treason ! treason !

MARY.

Peace.  
False to Northumberland, is he false to me ?  
Bear witness, Renard, that I live and die  
The true and faithful bride of Philip—A sound

Of feet and voices thickening hither—blows—  
Hark, there is battle at the palace gates,  
And I will out upon the gallery.

LADIES.

No, no, your Grace ; see there the arrows flying.

MARY.

I am Harry's daughter, Tudor, and not fear.

[Goes out on the gallery]

The guards are all driven in, skulk into corners  
Like rabbits to their holes. A gracious guard  
Truly ; shame on them they have shut the gates !

*Enter* SIR ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

SOUTHWELL.

The porter, please your Grace, hath shut the gates  
On friend and foe. Your gentlemen-at-arms,  
If this be not your Grace's order, cry  
To have the gates set wide again, and they  
With their good battleaxes will do you right  
Against all traitors.

MARY.

They are the flower of England ; set the gates wide.

[Exit SOUTHWELL.]

*Enter* COURTENAY.

COURTENAY.

All lost, all lost, all yielded ; a barge, a barge,  
The Queen must to the Tower.

MARY.

Whence come you, sir ?

COURTENAY.

From Charing Cross ; the rebels broke us there,  
And I sped hither with what haste I might  
To save my royal cousin.

MARY.

Where is Pembroke ?

COURTENAY.

I left him somewhere in the thick of it.

MARY.

Left him and fled ; and thou that would'st be King,  
And hast not heart nor honour. I myself  
Will down into the battle and there bide  
The upshot of my quarrel, or die with those  
That are no cowards and no Courtenays.

COURTENAY.

I do not love your Grace should call me coward.

*Enter another MESSENGER.*

MESSENGER.

Over, your Grace, all crush'd ; the brave Lord William  
Thrust him from Ludgate, and the traitor flying  
To Temple Bar, there by Sir Maurice Berkeley  
Was taken prisoner.

MARY.

To the Tower with him !

MESSENGER.

'Tis said he told Sir Maurice there was one  
Cognisant of this, and party thereunto,  
My Lord of Devon.

MARY.

To the Tower with *him*!

COURTENAY.

O la, the Tower, the Tower, always the Tower,  
I shall grow into it—I shall be the Tower.

MARY.

Your Lordship may not have so long to wait.  
Remove him!

COURTENAY.

La, to whistle out my life,  
And carve my coat upon the walls again!  
[*Exit* COURTENAY, *guarded*.]

MESSENGER.

Also this Wyatt did confess the Princess  
Cognisant thereof, and party thereunto.

MARY.

What? whom—whom did you say?

MESSENGER

Elizabeth,  
Your Royal sister.

MARY.

To the Tower with *her*!  
My foes are at my feet and I am Queen.  
[GARDINER *and her* LADIES *kneel to her*.]

GARDINER (*rising*).

There let them lie, your footstool? (*Aside*). Can I strike  
Elizabeth?—not now and save the life  
Of Devon; if I save him, he and his



Are bound to me—may strike hereafter. (*Aloud*). Madam,  
What Wyatt said, or what they said he said,  
Cries of the moment and the street—

MARY.

He said it.

GARDINER.

Your courts of justice will determine that.

RENARD (*advancing*).

I trust by this your Highness will allow  
Some spice of wisdom in my telling you,  
When last we talk'd, that Philip would not come  
Till Guildford Dudley and the Duke of Suffolk  
And Lady Jane had left us.

MARY.

They shall die.

RENARD.

And your so loving sister ?

MARY.

She shall die.

My foes are at my feet, and Philip King.

[*Exeunt*.

## ACT III.

## SCENE I.—THE CONDUIT IN GRACE-CHURCH.

*Painted with the Nine Worthies, among them King Henry VIII. holding a book, on it inscribed "Verbum Dei."*

*Enter* SIR RALPH BAGENHALL *and* SIR THOMAS STAFFORD.

BAGENHALL.

A hundred here and hundreds hang'd in Kent.  
 The tigress had unsheath'd her nails at last,  
 And Renard and the Chancellor sharpen'd them.  
 In every London street a gibbet stood.  
 They are down to-day. Here by this house was one ;  
 The traitor husband dangled at the door,  
 And when the traitor wife came out for bread  
 To still the petty treason therewithin,  
 Her cap would brush his heels.

STAFFORD.

It is Sir Ralph,  
 And muttering to himself as heretofore.  
 Sir, see you aught up yonder ?

BAGENHALL.

I miss something.  
 The tree that only bears dead fruit is gone.

STAFFORD.

What tree, sir?

BAGENHALL.

Well, the tree in Virgil, sir,  
That bears not its own apples.

STAFFORD.

What ! the gallows ?

BAGENHALL.

Sir, this dead fruit was ripening overmuch,  
And had to be removed lest living Spain  
Should sicken at dead England.

STAFFORD.

Not so dead,  
But that a shock may rouse her.

BAGENHALL.

I believe  
Sir Thomas Stafford ?

STAFFORD.

I am ill disguised.

BAGENHALL.

Well, are you not in peril here ?

STAFFORD.

I think so.  
I came to feel the pulse of England, whether  
It beats hard at this marriage. Did you see it ?

BAGENHALL.

Stafford, I am a sad man and a serious.  
Far liefer had I in my country hall

Been reading some old book, with mine old hound  
Crouch'd at my hearth, and mine old flask of wine  
Beside me, than have seen it, yet I saw it.

STAFFORD.

Good, was it splendid ?

BAGENHALL.

Ay, if Dukes, and Earls,  
And Counts, and sixty Spanish cavaliers,  
Some six or seven Bishops, diamonds, pearls,  
That royal commonplace too, cloth of gold,  
Could make it so.

STAFFORD.

And what was Mary's dress ?

BAGENHALL.

Good faith, I was too sorry for the woman  
To mark the dress. She wore red shoes !

STAFFORD.

Red shoes !

BAGENHALL.

Scarlet, as if her feet were wash'd in blood,  
As if she had waded in it.

STAFFORD.

Were your eyes  
So bashful that you look'd no higher ?

BAGENHALL.

A diamond,

And Philip's gift, as proof of Philip's love,  
Who hath not any for any,—tho' a true one,  
Blazed false upon her heart.

STAFFORD.

But this proud Prince—

BAGENHALL.

Nay, he is King, you know, the King of Naples.  
The father ceded Naples, that the son  
Being a King, might wed a Queen—O he  
Flamed in brocade—white satin his trunk hose,  
Inwrought with silver,—on his neck a collar,  
Gold, thick with diamonds ; hanging down from this  
The Golden Fleece—and round his knee, misplaced,  
Our English Garter, studded with great emeralds,  
Rubies, I know not what. Have you had enough  
Of all this gear ?

STAFFORD.

Ay, since you hate the telling it.  
How look'd the Queen ?

BAGENHALL.

No fairer for her jewels.  
And I could see that as the new-made couple  
Came from the Minster, moving side by side  
Beneath one canopy, ever and anon  
She cast on him a vassal smile of love,  
Which Philip with a glance of some distaste,  
Or so methought, return'd. I may be wrong, sir.  
This marriage will not hold.

STAFFORD.

I think with you.  
The King of France will help to break it.

BAGENHALL.

France !  
We once had half of France, and hurl'd our battles  
Into the heart of Spain ; but England now

Is but a ball chuck'd between France and Spain  
 His in whose hand she drops ; Harry of Bolingbroke  
 Had holpen Richard's tottering throne to stand,  
 Could Harry have foreseen that all our nobles  
 Would perish on the civil slaughter-field,  
 And leave the people naked to the crown,  
 And the crown naked to the people ; the crown  
 Female, too ! Sir, no woman's regimen  
 Can save us. We are fallen, and as I think,  
 Never to rise again.

STAFFORD.

You are too black-blooded.  
 I'd make a move myself to hinder that :  
 I know some lusty fellows there in France.

BAGENHALL.

You would but make us weaker, Thomas Stafford.  
 Wyatt was a good soldier, yet he failed,  
 And strengthen'd Philip.

STAFFORD.

Did not his last breath  
 Clear Courtenay and the Princess from the charge  
 Of being his co-rebels ?

BAGENHALL.

Ay, but then  
 What such a one as Wyatt says is nothing :  
 We have no men among us. The new Lords  
 Are quieted with their sop of Abbeylands,  
 And ev'n before the Queen's face Gardiner buys them  
 With Philip's gold. All greed, no faith, no courage !  
 Why, ev'n the haughty prince, Northumberland,  
 The leader of our Reformation, knelt  
 And blubber'd like a lad, and on the scaffold  
 Recanted, and resold himself to Rome.

STAFFORD.

I swear you do your country wrong, Sir Ralph  
 I know a set of exiles over there,  
 Dare-devils, that would eat fire and spit it out  
 At Philip's beard ; they pillage Spain already.  
 The French king winks at it. An hour will come  
 When they will sweep her from the seas. No men ?  
 Did not Lord Suffolk die like a true man ?  
 Is not Lord William Howard a true man ?  
 Yea, you yourself, altho' you are black-blooded :  
 And I, by God, believe myself a man.  
 Ay, even in the church there is a man—  
 Cranmer.  
 Fly, would he not, when all men bad him fly.  
 And what a letter he wrote against the Pope !  
 There's a brave man, if any.

BAGENHALL.

Ay ; if it hold.

CROWD (*coming on*).

God save their Graces !

STAFFORD.

Bagenhall, I see  
 The Tudor green and white. (*Trumpets.*) They are  
 coming now.  
 And here's a crowd as thick as herring-shoals.

BAGENHALL.

Be limpets to this pillar, or we are torn  
 Down the strong wave of brawlers.

CROWD.

God save their Graces !

[*Procession of Trumpeters, Javelin-men, etc. ; then  
 Spanish and Flemish Nobles intermingled.*

F

STAFFORD.

Worth seeing, Bagenhall ! These black dog-Dons  
Garb themselves bravely. Who's the long-face there,  
Looks very Spain of very Spain ?

BAGENHALL.

The Duke

Of Alva, an iron soldier.

STAFFORD.

And the Dutchman,

Now laughing at some jest ?

BAGENHALL.

William of Orange,

William the Silent.

STAFFORD.

Why do they call him so ?

BAGENHALL.

He keeps, they say, some secret that may cost  
Philip his life.

STAFFORD.

But then he looks so merry.

BAGENHALL.

I cannot tell you why they call him so.

[*The KING and QUEEN pass, attended by Peers  
of the Realm, Officers of State, &c. Cannon  
shot off.*]

CROWD.

Philip and Mary, Philip and Mary.  
Long live the King and Queen, Philip and Mary.



STAFFORD.

They smile as if content with one another.

BAGENHALL.

A smile abroad is oft a scowl at home.

[KING and QUEEN pass on. Procession.]

FIRST CITIZEN.

I thought this Philip had been one of those black devils of Spain, but he hath a yellow beard.

SECOND CITIZEN.

Not red like Iscariot's.

FIRST CITIZEN.

Like a carrot's, as thou say'st, and English carrot's better than Spanish licorice ; but I thought he was a beast.

THIRD CITIZEN.

Certain I had heard that every Spaniard carries a tail like a devil under his trunk hose.

TAILOR.

Ay, but see what trunk-hoses ! Lord ! they be fine ; I never stitch'd none such. They make amends for the tails.

FOURTH CITIZEN.

Tut ! every Spanish priest will tell you that all English heretics have tails.

FIFTH CITIZEN.

Death and the Devil—if he find I have one—

FOURTH CITIZEN.

Lo ! thou hast call'd them up ! here they come—a pale horse for Death and Gardiner for the Devil.

*Enter GARDINER (turning back from the procession).*

GARDINER.

Knave, wilt thou wear thy cap before the Queen ?

MAN.

My Lord, I stand so squeezed among the crowd  
I cannot lift my hands unto my head.

GARDINER.

Knock off his cap there, some of you about him !  
See there be others that can use their hands.  
Thou art one of Wyatt's men ?

MAN.

No, my Lord, no.

GARDINER.

Thy name, thou knave ?

MAN.

I am nobody, my Lord.

GARDINER (*shouting*).

God's passion ! knave, thy name ?

MAN.

I have ears to hear.

GARDINER.

Ay, rascal, if I leave thee ears to hear.  
Find out his name and bring it to me (*to Attendant*).

ATTENDANT.

Ay, my Lord.

GARDINER.

Knave, thou shalt lose thine ears and find thy tongue,  
And shalt be thankful if I leave thee that.

[*Coming before the Conduit.*]

The conduit painted—the nine worthies—ay!  
But then what's here?—King Harry with a scroll.  
Ha—*Verbum Dei*—*verbum*—word of God!  
God's passion! do you know the knave that painted it?

ATTENDANT.

I do, my Lord.

GARDINER.

Tell him to paint it out,  
And put some fresh device in lieu of it—  
A pair of gloves, a pair of gloves, sir; ha?  
There is no heresy there.

ATTENDANT.

I will, my Lord.

The man shall paint a pair of gloves. I am sure  
(Knowing the man) he wrought it ignorantly,  
And not from any malice.

GARDINER.

Word of God

In English! over this the brainless loons  
That cannot spell *Esaias* from St. Paul,  
Make themselves drunk and mad, fly out and flare  
Into rebellions. I'll have their bibles burnt.  
The bible is the priest's. Ay! fellow, what!  
Stand staring at me! shout, you gaping rogue.

MAN.

I have, my Lord, shouted till I am hoarse.

GARDINER.

What hast thou shouted, knave ?

MAN.

Long live Queen Mary.

GARDINER.

Knave, there be two. There be both King and Queen,  
Philip and Mary. Shout.

MAN.

Nay, but, my Lord,  
The Queen comes first, Mary and Philip.

GARDINER.

Mary and Philip. Shout, then,

MAN.

Mary and Philip !

GARDINER.

Now,  
Thou hast shouted for thy pleasure, shout for mine !  
Philip and Mary !

MAN.

Must it be so, my Lord ?

GARDINER.

Ay, knave.

MAN.

Philip and Mary.

GARDINER.

I distrust thee.

Thine is a half voice and a lean assent.  
What is thy name ?

MAN.

Sanders.

GARDINER.

What else ?

MAN.

Zerubbabel.

GARDINER

Where dost thou live ?

MAN.

In Cornhill.

GARDINER.

Where, knave, where ?

MAN.

Sign of the Talbot.

GARDINER.

Come to me to-morrow.—

Rascal!—this land is like a hill of fire,  
One crater opens when another shuts.  
But so I get the laws against the heretic,  
Spite of Lord Paget and Lord William Howard,  
And others of our Parliament revived,  
I will show fire on my side—stake and fire—  
Sharp work and short. The knaves are easily cow'd.  
Follow their Majesties.

[Exit. The crowd following.]

BAGENHALL.

As proud as Becket.

STAFFORD.

You would not have him murder'd as Becket was?

BAGENHALL.

No—murder fathers murder : but I say  
There is no man—there was one woman with us—  
It was a sin to love her married, dead  
I cannot choose but love her.

STAFFORD.

Lady Jane?

CROWD (*going off*).

God save their Graces.

STAFFORD.

Did you see her die?

BAGENHALL.

No, no ; her innocent blood had blinded me.  
You call me too black-blooded—true enough  
Her dark dead blood is in my heart with mine.  
If ever I cry out against the Pope  
Her dark dead blood that ever moves with mine  
Will stir the living tongue and make the cry.

STAFFORD.

Yet doubtless you can tell me how she died?

BAGENHALL.

Seventeen—and knew eight languages—in music  
Peerless—her needle perfect, and her learning

Beyond the churchmen ; yet so meek, so modest,  
 So wife-like humble to the trivial boy  
 Mismatch'd with her for policy ! I have heard  
 She would not take a last farewell of him,  
 She fear'd it might unman him for his end.  
 She could not be unmann'd—no, nor outwoman'd—  
 Seventeen—a rose of grace !  
 Girl never breathed to rival such a rose ;  
 Rose never blew that equall'd such a bud.

STAFFORD.

Pray you go on.

BAGENHALL.

She came upon the scaffold,  
 And said she was condemn'd to die for treason ;  
 She had but follow'd the device of those  
 Her nearest kin : she thought they knew the laws.  
 But for herself, she knew but little law,  
 And nothing of the titles to the crown ;  
 She had no desire for that, and wrung her hands,  
 And trusted God would save her thro' the blood  
 Of Jesus Christ alone.

STAFFORD.

Pray you go on.

BAGENHALL.

Then knelt and said the Miserere Mei—  
 But all in English, mark you ; rose again,  
 And, when the headsman pray'd to be forgiven,  
 Said “ You will give me my true crown at last,  
 But do it quickly ; ” then all wept but she,  
 Who changed not colour when she saw the block,  
 But ask'd him, childlike : “ Will you take it off  
 Before I lay me down ? ” No, madam, he said,  
 Gasping ; and when her innocent eyes were bound,  
 She, with her poor blind hands feeling—“ where is it ?  
 Where is it ? ”—You must fancy that which follow'd,  
 If you have heart to do it !

CROWD (*in the distance.*)

God save their Graces !

STAFFORD.

Their Graces, our disgraces ! God confound them !  
Why, she's grown bloodier ! when I last was here,  
This was against her conscience—would be murder !

BAGENHALL.

The "Thou shalt do no murder," which God's hand  
Wrote on her conscience, Mary rubb'd out pale—  
She could not make it white—and over that,  
Traced in the blackest text of Hell—"Thou shalt !"  
And sign'd it—Mary !

STAFFORD.

Philip and the Pope  
Must have sign'd too. I hear this Legate's coming  
To bring us absolution from the Pope.  
The Lords and Commons will bow down before him—  
You are of the house ? what will you do, Sir Ralph ?

BAGENHALL.

And why should I be bolder than the rest,  
Or honester than all ?

STAFFORD.

But, sir, if I—  
And oversea they say this state of yours  
Hath no more mortice than a tower of cards ;  
And that a puff would do it—then if I  
And others made that move I touch'd upon,  
Back'd by the power of France, and landing here  
Came with a sudden splendour, shout, and show,  
And dazzled men and deafen'd by some bright  
Loud venture, and the people so unquiet—



And I the race of murder'd Buckingham—  
Not for myself, but for the kingdom—Sir,  
I trust that you would fight along with us.

BAGENHALL.

No ; you would fling your lives into the gulf.

STAFFORD.

But if this Philip, as he's like to do,  
Left Mary a wife-widow here alone,  
Set up a viceroy, sent his myriads hither  
To seize upon the forts and fleet, and make us  
A Spanish province ; would you not fight then ?

BAGENHALL.

I think I should fight then.

STAFFORD.

I am sure of it.  
Hist ! there's the face coming on here of one  
Who knows me. I must leave you. Fare you well,  
You'll hear of me again.

BAGENHALL.

Upon the scaffold. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—ROOM IN WHITEHALL PALACE.

MARY. *Enter PHILIP and CARDINAL POLE.*

POLE.

Ave Maria, gratia plena, Benedicta tu in mulieribus.

MARY.

Loyal and royal cousin, humblest thanks.  
Had you a pleasant voyage up the river ?

POLE.

We had your royal barge, and that same chair,  
 Or rather throne of purple, on the deck.  
 Our silver cross sparkled before the prow,  
 The ripples twinkled at their diamond-dance,  
 The boats that follow'd, were as glowing-gay  
 As regal gardens ; and your flocks of swans,  
 As fair and white as angels ; and your shores  
 Wore in mine eyes the green of Paradise.  
 My foreign friends, who dream'd us blanketed  
 In ever-closing fog, were much amazed  
 To find as fair a sun as might have flash'd  
 Upon their lake of Garda, fire the Thames ;  
 Our voyage by sea was all but miracle :  
 And here the river flowing from the sea,  
 Not toward it (for they thought not of our tides),  
 Seem'd as a happy miracle to make glide—  
 In quiet— home your banish'd countryman.

MARY.

We heard that you were sick in Flanders, cousin.

POLE.

A dizziness.

MARY.

And how came you round again ?

POLE.

The scarlet thread of Rahab saved her life ;  
 And mine, a little letting of the blood.

MARY.

Well ? now ?

POLE.

Ay, cousin, as the heathen giant  
 Had but to touch the ground, his force return'd—

Thus, after twenty years of banishment,  
 Feeling my native land beneath my foot,  
 I said thereto : " Ah, native land of mine,  
 Thou art much beholden to this foot of mine,  
 That hastes with full commission from the Pope  
 To absolve thee from thy guilt of heresy.  
 Thou hast disgraced me and attainted me,  
 And mark'd me ev'n as Cain, and I return  
 As Peter, but to bless thee : make me well."  
 Methinks the good land heard me, for to-day  
 My heart beats twenty, when I see you, cousin.  
 Ah, gentle cousin, since your Herod's death,  
 How oft hath Peter knock'd at Mary's gate !  
 And Mary would have risen and let him in,  
 But, Mary, there were those within the house  
 Who would not have it.

MARY.

True, good cousin Pole ;  
 And there were also those without the house  
 Who would not have it.

POLE.

I believe so, cousin.  
 State-policy and church-policy are conjoint,  
 But Janus-faces looking diverse ways.  
 I fear the Emperor much misvalued me.  
 But all is well ; 'twas ev'n the will of God,  
 Who, waiting till the time had ripen'd, now,  
 Makes me his mouth of holy greeting. " Hail,  
 Daughter of God, and saver of the faith.  
 Sit benedictus fructus ventris tui ! "

MARY.

Ah, heaven !

POLE.

Unwell, your Grace

MARY.

No, cousin, happy—

Happy to see you ; never yet so happy  
Since I was crown'd.

POLE.

Sweet cousin, you forget  
That long low minster where you gave your hand  
To this great Catholic King.

PHILIP.

Well said, Lord Legate.

MARY.

Nay, not well said ; I thought of you, my liege,  
Ev'n as I spoke.

PHILIP.

Ay, Madam ; my Lord Paget  
Waits to present our Council to the Legate.  
Sit down here, all ; Madam, between us you.

POLE.

Lo, now you are enclosed with boards of cedar,  
Our little sister of the Song of Songs !  
You are doubly fenced and shielded sitting here  
Between the two most high-set thrones on earth,  
The Emperor's highness happily symbolled by  
The King your husband, the Pope's Holiness  
By mine own self.

MARY.

True, cousin, I am happy.  
When will you that we summon both our houses  
To take this absolution from your lips,  
And be regather'd to the Papal fold ?

POLE.

In Britain's calendar the brightest day  
Beheld our rough forefathers break their Gods,  
And clasp the faith in Christ ; but after that  
Might not St. Andrew's be her happiest day ?

MARY.

Then these shall meet upon St. Andrew's day.

*Enter PAGET, who presents the Council. Dumb show.*

POLE.

I am an old man wearied with my journey,  
Ev'n with my joy. Permit me to withdraw.  
To Lambeth ?

PHILIP.

Ay, Lambeth has ousted Cranmer.  
It was not meet the heretic swine should live  
In Lambeth.

MARY.

There or anywhere, or at all.

PHILIP.

We have had it swept and garnish'd after him.

POLE.

Not for the seven devils to enter in ?

PHILIP.

No, for we trust they parted in the swine.

POLE.

True, and I am the Angel of the Pope.  
Farewell, your Graces.

PHILIP.

Nay, not here—to me ;  
I will go with you to the waterside.

POLE.

Not be my Charon to the counter side ?

PHILIP.

No, my Lord Legate, the Lord Chancellor goes.

POLE.

And unto no dead world ; but Lambeth palace,  
Henceforth a centre of the living faith.  
[*Exeunt* PHILIP, POLE, PAGET, &c.]

*Manet* MARY.

·He hath awaked ! he hath awaked !  
He stirs within the darkness !  
Oh, Philip, husband ! now thy love to mine  
Will cling more close, and those bleak manners thaw,  
That make me shamed and tongue-tied in my love.  
The second Prince of Peace—  
The great unborn defender of the Faith,  
Who will avenge me of mine enemies—  
He comes and my star rises.  
The stormy Wyatts and Northumberland,  
The proud ambitions of Elizabeth,  
And all her fieriest partisans—are pale  
Before my star !  
The light of this new learning wanes and dies :  
The ghosts of Luther and Zuinglius fade  
Into the deathless hell which is their doom  
Before my star !  
His sceptre shall go forth from Ind to Ind !  
His sword shall hew the heretic peoples down !  
His faith shall clothe the world that will be his,  
Like universal sunshine ! Open,

Ye everlasting gates ! The King is here !—  
My star, my son !

*Enter PHILIP, DUKE OF ALVA, &c.*

Oh, Philip, come with me ;  
Good news have I to tell you, news to make  
Both of us happy—ay, the Kingdom too.  
Nay come with me—one moment !

PHILIP (*to ALVA*).

More than that :

There was one here of late—William the Silent  
They call him—he is free enough in talk,  
But tells me nothing. You will be, we trust,  
Sometime the viceroy of those provinces—  
He must deserve his surname better.

ALVA.

Ay, sir ;

Inherit the Great Silence.

PHILIP.

True ; the provinces

Are hard to rule and must be hardly ruled ;  
Most fruitful, yet, indeed, an empty rind,  
All hollow'd out with stinging heresies ;  
And for their heresies, Alva, they will fight :  
You must break them or they break you.

ALVA (*proudly*).

The first.

PHILIP.

Good !  
Well, Madam, this new happiness of mine.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter* THREE PAGES.

FIRST PAGE.

News, mates ! a miracle, a miracle ! news !  
The bells must ring ; Te Deums must be sung ;  
The Queen hath felt the motion of her babe !

SECOND PAGE.

Ay ; but see here !

FIRST PAGE.

See what ?

SECOND PAGE.

This paper, Dickon.  
I found it fluttering at the palace gates :—  
“The Queen of England is delivered of a dead dog !”

THIRD PAGE.

These are the things that madden her. Fie upon it.

FIRST PAGE.

Ay ; but I hear she hath a dropsy, lad,  
Or a high-dropsy, as the doctors call it.

THIRD PAGE.

Fie on her dropsy, so she have a dropsy !  
I know that she was ever sweet to me.

FIRST PAGE.

For thou and thine are Roman to the core.

THIRD PAGE.

So thou and thine must be. Take heed !



## FIRST PAGE.

Not I,

And whether this flash of news be false or true,  
 So the wine run, and there be revelry,  
 Content am I. Let all the steeple clash,  
 Till the sun dance, as upon Easter Day.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III.—GREAT HALL IN WHITEHALL.

[*At the far end a daïs. On this three chairs, two under one canopy for MARY and PHILIP, another on the right of these for POLE. Under the daïs on POLE'S side, ranged along the wall, sit all the Spiritual Peers, and along the wall opposite, all the Temporal. The Commons on cross benches in front, a line of approach to the daïs between them. In the foreground SIR RALPH BAGENHALL and other MEMBERS of the COMMONS.*]

## FIRST MEMBER.

St. Andrew's day ; sit close, sit close, we are friends.  
 Is reconciled the word ? the Pope again ?  
 It must be thus ; and yet, cocksbody ! how strange  
 That Gardiner, once so one with all of us  
 Against this foreign marriage, should have yielded  
 So utterly !—strange ! but stranger still that he,  
 So fierce against the Headship of the Pope,  
 Should play the second actor in this pageant  
 That brings him in ; such a cameleon he !

## SECOND MEMBER.

This Gardiner turn'd his coat in Henry's time ;  
 The serpent that hath slough'd will slough again.

## THIRD MEMBER.

Tut, then we all are serpents.

SECOND MEMBER.

Speak for yourself.

THIRD MEMBER.

Ay, and for Gardiner ! being English citizen,  
 How should he bear a bridegroom out of Spain ?  
 The Queen would have him ! being English churchman  
 How should he bear the headship of the Pope ?  
 The Queen would have it ! Statesmen that are wise  
 Shape a necessity, as the sculptor clay,  
 To their own model.

SECOND MEMBER.

Statesmen that are wise  
 Take truth herself for model, what say you ?  
 [To SIR RALPH BAGENHALL.

BAGENHALL.

We talk and talk.

FIRST MEMBER.

Ay, and what use to talk ?  
 Philip's no sudden alien—the Queen's husband,  
 He's here, and king, or will be—yet cocksbody !  
 So hated here ! I watch'd a hive of late ;  
 My seven-years' friend was with me, my young boy ;  
 Out crept a wasp, with half the swarm behind.  
 "Philip," says he. I had to cuff the rogue  
 For infant treason.

THIRD MEMBER.

But they say that bees,  
 If any creeping life invade their hive  
 Too gross to be thrust out, will build him round,  
 And bind him in from harming of their combs.  
 And Philip by these articles is bound  
 From stirring hand or foot to wrong the realm.

## SECOND MEMBER.

By bonds of beeswax, like your creeping thing ;  
But your wise bees had stung him first to death.

## THIRD MEMBER.

Hush, hush !  
You wrong the Chancellor : the clauses added  
To that same treaty which the emperor sent us  
Were mainly Gardiner's : that no foreigner  
Hold office in the household, fleet, forts, army ;  
That if the Queen should die without a child,  
The bond between the kingdoms be dissolved ;  
That Philip should not mix us any way  
With his French wars—

## SECOND MEMBER.

Ay, ay, but what security,  
Good sir, for this, if Philip—

## THIRD MEMBER.

Peace—the Queen,  
Philip, and Pole.  
[*All rise, and stand.*

*Enter MARY, PHILIP, and POLE.*

[GARDINER conducts them to the three chairs of  
state. PHILIP sits on the QUEEN'S left,  
POLE on her right.

## GARDINER.

Our short-lived sun, before his winter plunge,  
Laughs at the last red leaf, and Andrew's Day.

## MARY.

Should not this day be held in after years  
More solemn than of old ?

PHILIP.

Madam, my wish  
Echoes your Majesty's.

POLE.

It shall be so.

GARDINER.

Mine echoes both your Graces' ; (*aside*) but the Pope—  
Can we not have the Catholic church as well  
Without as with the Italian ? if we cannot,  
Why then the Pope.

My lords of the upper house,  
And ye, my masters, of the lower house,  
Do ye stand fast by that which ye resolved ?

VOICES.

We do.

GARDINER.

And be you all one mind to supplicate  
The Legate here for pardon, and acknowledge  
The primacy of the Pope ?

VOICES.

We are all one mind.

GARDINER.

Then must I play the vassal to this Pole. *[Aside.*  
*[He draws a paper from under his robes and presents it to the KING and QUEEN, who look through it and return it to him ; then ascends a tribune and reads.]*

We, the Lords Spiritual and Temporal,  
And Commons here in Parliament assembled,  
Presenting the whole body of this realm

Of England, and dominions of the same,  
Do make most humble suit unto your Majesties,  
In our own name and that of all the state,  
That by your gracious means and intercession  
Our supplication be exhibited  
To the Lord Cardinal Pole, sent here as Legate  
From our most holy father Julius, Pope,  
And from the apostolic see of Rome ;  
And do declare our penitence and grief  
For our long schism and disobedience,  
Either in making laws and ordinances  
Against the Holy Father's primacy,  
Or else by doing or by speaking aught  
Which might impugn or prejudice the same ;  
By this our supplication promising,  
As well for our own selves as all the realm,  
That now we be and ever shall be quick,  
Under and with your Majesties' authorities,  
To do to the utmost all that in us lies  
Towards the abrogation and repeal  
Of all such laws and ordinances made ;  
Whereon we humbly pray your Majesties,  
As persons undefiled with our offence,  
So to set forth this humble suit of ours  
That we the rather by your intercession  
May from the apostolic see obtain,  
Thro' this most reverend Father, absolution,  
And full release from danger of all censures  
Of Holy Church that we be fall'n into,  
So that we may, as children penitent,  
Be once more received into the bosom  
And unity of Universal Church ;  
And that this noble reolm thro' after years  
May in this unity and obedience  
Unto the holy see and reigning Pope  
Serve God and both your Majesties.

VOICES.

Amen. [*All sit.*

[*He again presents the petition to the KING  
and QUEEN, who hand it reverentially to  
POLE.*

POLE (*sitting*).

This is the loveliest day that ever smiled  
 On England. All her breath should, incense-like,  
 Rise to the heavens in grateful praise of Him  
 Who now recalls her to His ancient fold.  
 Lo ! once again God to this realm hath given  
 A token of His more especial Grace ;  
 For as this people were the first of all  
 The islands call'd into the dawning church  
 Out of the dead, deep night of heathendom,  
 So now are these the first whom God hath given  
 Grace to repent and sorrow for their schism ;  
 And if your penitence be not mockery,  
 Oh how the blessed angels who rejoice  
 Over one saved do triumph at this hour  
 In the reborn salvation of a land  
 So noble.

[*A pause.*

For ourselves we do protest

That our commission is to heal, not harm ;  
 We come not to condemn, but reconcile ;  
 We come not to compel, but call again ;  
 We come not to destroy, but edify ;  
 Nor yet to question things already done ;  
 These are forgiven—matters of the past—  
 And range with jetsam and with offal thrown  
 Into the blind sea of forgetfulness.

[*A pause.*

Ye have reversed the attainder laid on us  
 By him who sack'd the house of God ; and we,  
 Amplier than any field on our poor earth  
 Can render thanks in fruit for being sown,  
 Do here and now repay you sixty-fold,  
 A hundred, yea a thousand thousand-fold,  
 With heaven for earth.

[*Rising and stretching forth his hands. All kneel  
 but SIR RALPH BAGENHALL, who rises and  
 remains standing.*

The Lord who hath redeem'd us  
 With His own blood, and wash'd us from our sins,  
 To purchase for Himself a stainless bride ;

He, whom the Father hath appointed Head  
Of all His church, He by His mercy absolve you !

[*A pause.*]

And we by that authority Apostolic  
Given unto us, his Legate, by the Pope,  
Our Lord and Holy Father, Julius,  
God's Vicar and Vicegerent upon earth,  
Do here absolve you and deliver you  
And every one of you, and all the realm  
And its dominions from all heresy,  
All schism, and from all and every censure,  
Judgment, and pain accruing thereupon :  
And also we restore you to the bosom  
And unity of Universal Church. [*Turning to GARDINER.*]  
Our letters of commission will declare this plainlier.

[*QUEEN heard sobbing. Cries of Amen ! Amen !  
Some of the members embrace one another. All  
but SIR RALPH BAGENHALL pass out into the  
neighbouring chapel, whence is heard the Te  
Deum.*]

BAGENHALL.

We strove against the papacy from the first,  
In William's time, in our first Edward's time,  
And in my master Henry's time ; but now,  
The unity of Universal Church,  
Mary would have it ; and this Gardiner follows ;  
The unity of Universal Hell,  
Philip would have it ; and this Gardiner follows !  
A Parliament of imitative apes !  
Sheep at the gap which Gardiner takes, who not  
Believes the Pope, nor any of them believe—  
These spaniel-Spaniard English of the time,  
Who rub their fawning noses in the dust,  
For that is Philip's gold-dust, and adore  
This Vicar of their Vicar. Would I had been  
Born Spaniard ! I had held my head up then.  
I am ashamed that I am Bagenhall,  
English.

*Enter* OFFICER.

OFFICER.

Sir Ralph Bagenhall.

BAGENHALL.

What of that ?

OFFICER.

You were the one sole man in either house  
Who stood upright when both the houses fell.

BAGENHALL.

The houses fell !

OFFICER.

I mean the houses knelt  
Before the Legate.

BAGENHALL.

Do not scrimp your phrase,  
But stretch it wider ; say when England fell.

OFFICER.

I say you were the one sole man who stood.

BAGENHALL.

I am the one sole man in either house,  
Perchance in England, loves her like a son.

OFFICER.

Well, you one man, because you stood upright,  
Her Grace the Queen commands you to the Tower



BAGENHALL.

As traitor, or as heretic, or for what ?

OFFICER.

If any man in any way would be  
The one man he shall be so to his cost.

BAGENHALL.

What ! will she have my head ?

OFFICER.

Your pardon. A round fine likelier.  
[*Calling to Attendant.*  
By the river to the Tower. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE IV.—WHITEHALL. A ROOM IN THE  
PALACE.

MARY, GARDINER, POLE, PAGET, BONNER, &amp;C.

MARY.

The King and I, my Lords, now that all traitors  
Against our royal state have lost the heads  
Wherewith they plotted in their treasonous malice,  
Have talk'd together, and are well agreed  
That these old statutes touching Lollardism  
To bring the heretic to the stake, should be  
No longer a dead letter, but requicken'd.

ONE OF THE COUNCIL.

Why, what hath fluster'd Gardiner ? how he rubs  
His forelock.

PAGET.

I have changed a word with him  
In coming, and may change a word again.

GARDINER.

Madam, your Highness is our sun, the King  
And you together our two suns in one ;  
And so the beams of both may shine upon us,  
The faith that seem'd to droop will feel your light,  
Lift head, and flourish ; yet not light alone,  
There must be heat—there must be heat enough  
To scorch and wither heresy to the root.  
For what saith Christ ? “ Compel them to come in.”  
And what saith Paul ? “ I would they were cut off  
That trouble you.” Let the dead letter live !  
Trace it in fire, that all the louts to whom  
Their A B C is darkness, clowns and grooms  
May read it ! so you quash rebellion too,  
For heretic and traitor are all one :  
Two vipers of one breed—an amphisbœna,  
Each end a sting : Let the dead letter burn !

PAGET.

Yet there be some disloyal Catholics,  
And many heretics loyal ; heretic throats  
Cried no God-bless-her to the Lady Jane,  
But shouted in Queen Mary. So there be  
Some traitor-heretic, there is axe and cord.  
To take the lives of others that are loyal,  
And by the churchman's pitiless doom of fire,  
Were but a thankless policy in the crown,  
Ay, and against itself ; for there are many.

MARY.

If we could burn out heresy, my Lord Paget,  
We reck not tho' we lost this crown of England—  
Ay ! tho' it were ten Englands !

GARDINER.

Right, your Grace.  
Paget, you are all for this poor life of ours,  
And care but little for the life to be.

PAGET.

I have some time, for curiousness, my Lord,  
Watch'd children playing at *their* life to be,  
And cruel at it, killing helpless flies ;  
Such is our time—all times for aught I know.

GARDINER.

We kill the heretics that sting the soul—  
They, with right reason, flies that prick the flesh.

PAGET.

They had not reach'd right reason ; little children !  
They kill'd but for their pleasure and the power  
They felt in killing.

GARDINER.

A spice of Satan, ha !  
Why, good ! what then ? granted !—we are fallen creatures ?  
Look to your Bible, Paget ! we are fallen.

PAGET.

I am but of the laity, my Lord Bishop,  
And may not read your Bible, yet I found  
One day, a wholesome scripture, “ Little children,  
Love one another.”

GARDINER.

Did you find a Scripture,  
“ I come not to bring peace but a sword.” The sword  
Is in her Grace's hand to smite with. Paget,  
You stand up here to fight for heresy,

You are more than guess'd at as a heretic,  
And on the steep-up track of the true faith  
Your lapses are far seen.

PAGET.

The faultless Gardiner !

MARY.

You brawl beyond the question ; speak, Lord Legate.

POLE.

Indeed, I cannot follow with your Grace,  
Rather would say—the shepherd doth not kill  
The sheep that wander from his flock, but sends  
His careful dog to bring them to the fold.  
Look to the Netherlands, wherein have been  
Such holocausts of heresy ! to what end ?  
For yet the faith is not established there.

GARDINER.

The end's not come.

POLE.

No—nor this way will come,  
Seeing there lie two ways to every end,  
A better and a worse—the worse is here  
To persecute, because to persecute  
Makes a faith hated, and is furthermore  
No perfect witness of a perfect faith  
In him who persecutes : when men are tost  
On tides of strange opinion, and not sure  
Of their own selves, they are wroth with their own selves,  
And thence with others ; then, who lights the faggot ?  
Not the full faith, no, but the lurking doubt.  
Old Rome, that first made martyrs in the Church,  
Trembled for her own gods, for these were trembling—  
But when did our Rome tremble ?

PAGET.

Did she not  
In Henry's time and Edward's ?

POLE.

What, my Lord !  
The Church on Peter's rock ? never ! I have seen  
A pine in Italy that cast its shadow  
Athwart a cataract ; firm stood the pine—  
The cataract shook the shadow. To my mind,  
The cataract typed the headlong plunge and fall  
Of heresy to the pit : the pine was Rome.  
You see, my Lords,  
It was the shadow of the Church that trembled ;  
Your church was but the shadow of a church,  
Wanting the triple mitre.

GARDINER (*muttering*).

Here be tropes.

POLE.

And tropes are good to clothe a naked truth,  
And make it look more seemly.

GARDINER.

Tropes again !

POLE.

You are hard to please. Then without tropes, my Lord.  
An overmuch severeness, I repeat,  
When faith is wavering makes the waverer pass  
Into more settled hatred of the doctrines  
Of those who rule, which hatred by-and-by  
Involves the ruler (thus there springs to light  
That Centaur of a monstrous Commonweal,  
The traitor-heretic) then tho' some may quail,  
Yet others are that dare the stake and fire,

And there strong torment bravely borne, begets  
 An admiration and an indignation,  
 And hot desire to imitate ; so the plague  
 Of schism spreads ; were there but three or four  
 Of these misleaders, yet I would not say  
 Burn ! and we cannot burn whole towns ; they are many,  
 As my Lord Paget says.

GARDINER.

Yet my Lord Cardinal—

POLE.

I am your Legate ; please you let me finish,  
 Methinks that under our Queen's regimen  
 We might go softlier than with crimson rowel  
 And streaming lash. When Herod-Henry first  
 Began to batter at your English Church,  
 This was the cause, and hence the judgment on her.  
 She seethed with such adulteries ; and the lives  
 Of many among your churchmen were so foul  
 That heaven wept and earth blush'd. I would advise  
 That we should thoroughly cleanse the Church within  
 Before these bitter statutes be requicken'd,  
 So after that when she once more is seen  
 White as the light, the spotless bride of Christ,  
 Like Christ himself on Tabor, possibly  
 The Lutheran may be won to her again ;  
 Till when, my Lords, I counsel tolerance.

GARDINER.

What if a mad dog bit your hand, my Lord,  
 Would you not chop the bitten finger off,  
 Lest your whole body should madden with the poison ?  
 I would not, were I Queen, tolerate the heretic.  
 No, not an hour. The ruler of a land  
 Is bounden by his power and place to see  
 His people be not poison'd. Tolerate them !  
 Why ? do they tolerate you ? Nay, many of them  
 Would burn—have burnt each other ; call they not

The one true faith, a loathsome idol-worship ?  
 Beware, Lord Legate, of a heavier crime  
 Than heresy is itself ; beware I say,  
 Lest men accuse you of indifference  
 To all faiths, all religion ; for you know  
 Right well that you yourself have been supposed  
 Tainted with Lutheranism in Italy.

POLE (*angered*).

But you, my Lord, beyond all supposition,  
 In clear and open day were congruent  
 With that vile Cranmer in the accursed lie  
 Of good Queen Catherine's divorce—the spring  
 Of all those evils that have flow'd upon us ;  
 For you yourself have truckled to the tyrant,  
 And done your best to bastardise our Queen,  
 For which God's righteous judgment fell upon you  
 In your five years of imprisonment, my Lord,  
 Under young Edward. Who so bolster'd up  
 The gross King's headship of the Church, or more  
 Denied the Holy Father !

GARDINER.

Ha ! what ! eh ?  
 But you, my Lord, a polish'd gentleman,  
 A bookman, flying from the heat and tussle,  
 You lived among your vines and oranges,  
 In your soft Italy yonder ! You were sent for,  
 You were appeal'd to, but you still preferr'd  
 Your learned leisure. As for what I did  
 I suffered and repented. You, Lord Legate  
 And Cardinal-Deacon, have not now to learn  
 That even St. Peter in his time of fear  
 Denied his master, ay, and thrice, my Lord.

POLE.

But not for five-and-twenty years, my Lord.

GARDINER.

Ha ! good ! it seems then I was summon'd hither  
 But to be mock'd and baited. Speak, friend Bonner,  
 And tell this learned Legate he lacks zeal.  
 The Church's evil is not as the King's,  
 Cannot be heal'd by stroking. The mad bite  
 Must have the cautery—tell him—and at once.  
 What would'st thou do had'st thou his power, thou  
 That layest so long in heretic bonds with me.  
 Would'st thou not burn and blast them root and branch ?

BONNER.

Ay, after you, my Lord.

GARDINER.

Nay, God's passion, before me ! speak.

BONNER.

I am on fire until I see them flame.

GARDINER.

Ay, the psalm-singing weavers, cobblers, scum--  
 But this most noble prince Plantagenet,  
 Our good Queen's cousin—dallying over seas  
 Even when his brother's, nay, his noble mother's,  
 Head fell—

POLE.

Peace, madman !  
 Thou stirrest up a grief thou can'st not fathom.  
 Thou Christian Bishop, thou Lord Chancellor  
 Of England ! no more rein upon thine anger  
 Than any child ! Thou mak'st me much ashamed  
 That I was for a moment wroth at thee.

MARY.

I come for counsel and ye give me feuds,  
 Like dogs that set to watch their master's gate,



Fall, when the thief is ev'n within the walls  
 To worrying one another. My Lord Chancellor,  
 You have an old trick of offending us ;  
 And but that you are art and part with us  
 In purging heresy, well we might, for this  
 Your violence and much roughness to the Legate,  
 Have shut you from our counsels. Cousin Pole,  
 You are fresh from brighter lands. Retire with me.  
 His Highness and myself (so you allow us)  
 Will let you learn in peace and privacy  
 What power this cooler sun of England hath  
 In breeding Godless vermin. And pray Heaven  
 That you may see according to our sight.  
 Come, cousin. *[Exeunt QUEEN and POLE, &c.*

GARDINER.

Pole has the Plantagenet face,  
 But not the force made them our mightiest kings.  
 Fine eyes—but melancholy, irresolute—  
 A fine beard, Bonner, a very full fine beard.  
 But a weak mouth, an indeterminate—ha ?

BONNER.

Well, a weak mouth, perchance.

GARDINER.

And not like thino  
 To gorge a heretic whole, roasted or raw.

BONNER.

I'd do my best, my Lord ; but yet the Legate  
 Is here as Pope and Master of the Church,  
 And if he go not with you—

GARDINER.

Tut, Master Bishop,  
 Our bashful Legate, saw'st not how he flush'd ?  
 Touch him upon his old heretical talk,

He'll burn a diocese to prove his orthodoxy.  
 And let him call me truckler. In those times,  
 Thou knowest we had to dodge, or duck, or die ;  
 I kept my head for use of Holy Church ;  
 And see you, we shall have to dodge again,  
 And let the Pope trample our rights, and plunge  
 His foreign fist into our island Church  
 To plump the leaner pouch of Italy.  
 For a time, for a time.  
 Why ? that these statutes may be put in force,  
 And that His fan may thoroughly purge His floor.

BONNER.

So then you hold the Pope—

GARDINER.

I hold the Pope !  
 What do I hold him ? what do I hold the Pope ?  
 Come, come, the morsel stuck—this Cardinal's fault—  
 I have gulpt it down. I am wholly for the Pope,  
 Utterly and altogether for the Pope,  
 The Eternal Peter of the changeless chair,  
 Crown'd slave of slaves, and mitred king of kings,  
 God upon earth ! what more ? what would you have ?  
 Hence, let's be gone.

*Enter* USHER.

USHER.

Well that you be not gone,  
 My Lord. The Queen, most wroth at first with you,  
 Is now content to grant you full forgiveness,  
 So that you crave full pardon of the Legate.  
 I am sent to fetch you.

GARDINER.

Doth Pole yield, sir, ha !  
 Did you hear 'em ? were you by ?

USHER.

I cannot tell you,

His bearing is so courtly-delicate ;  
 And yet methinks he falters : their two Graces  
 Do so dear-cousin and royal-cousin him,  
 So press on him the duty which as Legate  
 He owes himself, and with such royal smiles—

GARDINER.

Smiles that burn men. Bonner, it will be carried.  
 He falters, ha ? ' fore God we change and change ;  
 Men now are bow'd and old, the doctors tell you,  
 At three-score years ; then if we change at all  
 We needs must do it quickly ; it is an age  
 Of brief life, and brief purpose, and brief patience,  
 As I have shown to-day. I am sorry for it  
 If Pole be like to turn. Our old friend Cranmer,  
 Your more especial love, hath turn'd so often,  
 He knows not where he stands, which, if this pass,  
 We two shall have to teach him ; let 'em look to it,  
 Cranmer and Hooper, Ridley and Latimer,  
 Rogers and Ferrar, for their time is come,  
 Their hour is hard at hand, their " dies Iræ,"  
 Their " dies Illa," which will test their sect.  
 I feel it but a duty—you will find in it  
 Pleasure as well as duty, worthy Bonner,—  
 To test their sect. Sir, I attend the Queen  
 To crave most humble pardon—of her most  
 Royal, Infallible, Papal Legate-cousin.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—WOODSTOCK.

ELIZABETH, LADY IN WAITING.

LADY.

The colours of our Queen are green and white,  
 These fields are only green, they make me gape.

ELIZABETH.

There's whitethorn, girl.

LADY.

Ay, for an hour in May.  
 But court is always May, buds out in masques,  
 Breaks into feather'd merriments, and flowers  
 In silken pageants. Why do they keep us here?  
 Why still suspect your Grace?

ELIZABETH.

Hard upon both.  
*[Writes on the window with a diamond.]*  
 Much suspected, of me  
 Nothing proven can be.  
 Quoth Elizabeth, prisoner.

LADY.

What hath your Highness written?

ELIZABETH.

A true rhyme.

LADY.

Cut with a diamond; so to last like truth.

ELIZABETH.

Ay, if truth last.

LADY.

But truth, they say, wil out,  
 So it must last. It is not like a word,  
 That comes and goes in uttering.

ELIZABETH.

Truth, a word !

The very Truth and very Word are one.  
 But truth of story, which I glanced at, girl,  
 Is like a word that comes from olden days,  
 And passes thro' the peoples : every tongue  
 Alters it passing, till it spells and speaks  
 Quite other than at first.

LADY.

I do not follow.

ELIZABETH.

How many names in the long sweep of time  
 That so foreshortens greatness, may but hang  
 On the chance mention of some fool that once  
 Brake bread with us, perhaps ; and my poor chronicle  
 Is but of glass. Sir Henry Bedingfield  
 May split it for a spite.

LADY.

God grant it last,  
 And witness to your Grace's innocence,  
 Till doomsday melt it.

ELIZABETH.

Or a second fire,  
 Like that which crackled underfoot  
 And in this very chamber, fuse the glass,  
 And char us back again into the dust  
 We spring from. Never peacock against rain  
 Scream'd as you did for water.

LADY.

And I got it.  
 I woke Sir Henry—and he's true to you—  
 I read his honest horror in his eyes.

ELIZABETH.

Or true to you ?

LADY.

Sir Henry Bedingfield !

I will have no man true to me, your Grace,  
 But one that pares his nails ; to me ? the clown !  
 For, like his cloak, his manners want the nap  
 And gloss of court ; but of this fire he says,  
 Nay swears, it was no wicked wilfulness,  
 Only a natural chance.

ELIZABETH.

A chance—perchance

One of those wicked wilfuls that men make,  
 Nor shame to call it nature. Nay, I know  
 They hunt my blood. Save for my daily range  
 Among the pleasant fields of Holy Writ  
 I might despair. But there hath some one come ;  
 The house is all in movement. Hence and see.

[Exit LADY.]

MILKMAID (*singing without*).

Shame upon you, Robin,  
 Shame upon you now !  
 Kiss me would you ? with my hands  
 Milking the cow ?  
 Daisies grow again,  
 Kingcups blow again,  
 And you came and kiss'd me milking the cow.

Robin came behind me,  
 Kiss'd me well I vow ;  
 Cuff him could I ? with my hands  
 Milking the cow ?  
 Swallows fly again,  
 Cuckoos cry again,  
 And you came and kiss'd me milking the cow.

Come, Robin, Robin,  
 Come and kiss me now ;  
 Help it can I ? with my hands  
 Milking the cow ?  
 Ringdoves coo again,  
 All things woo again,  
 Come behind and kiss me milking the cow ?

## ELIZABETH.

Right honest and red-cheek'd ; Robin was violent,  
 And she was crafty—a sweet violence,  
 And a sweet craft. I would I were a milkmaid,  
 To sing, love, marry, churn, brew, bake, and die,  
 Then have my simple headstone by the church,  
 And all things lived and ended honestly.  
 I could not if I would. I am Harry's daughter :  
 Gardiner would have my head. They are not  
 sweet,  
 The violence and the craft that do divide  
 The world of nature ; what is weak must lie ;  
 The lion needs but roar to guard his young ;  
 The lapwing lies, says " here " when they are there.  
 Threaten the child ; " I'll scourge you if you did it."  
 What weapon hath the child, save his soft tongue,  
 To say " I did not ? " and my rod's the block.  
 I never lay my head upon the pillow  
 But that I think, " Wilt thou lie there to-morrow ? "  
 How oft the falling axe, that never fell,  
 Hath shock'd me back into the daylight truth  
 That it may fall to-day ! Those damp, black, dead  
 Nights in the Tower ; dead—with the fear of death—  
 Too dead ev'n for a death-watch ! Toll of a bell,  
 Stroke of a clock, the scurrying of a rat  
 Affrighted me, and then delighted me,  
 For there was life—and there was life in death—  
 The little murder'd princes, in a pale light,  
 Rose hand in hand, and whisper'd, " come away,  
 The civil wars are gone for evermore :  
 Thou last of all the Tudors, come away,  
 With us is peace ! " The last ? It was a dream ;  
 I must not dream, not wink, but watch. She has gone,  
 Maid Marian to her Robin—by-and-by

Both happy ! a fox may filch a hen by night,  
 And make a morning outcry in the yard ;  
 But there's no Renard here to " catch her tripping."  
 Catch me who can ; yet, sometimes I have wish'd  
 That I were caught, and kill'd away at once  
 Out of the flutter. The gray rogue, Gardiner,  
 Went on his knees, and pray'd me to confess  
 In Wyatt's business, and to cast myself  
 Upon the good Queen's mercy ; ay, when my Lord ?  
 God save the Queen. My jailor—

*Enter* SIR HENRY BEDINGFIELD.

BEDINGFIELD.

One, whose bolts,  
 That jail you from free life, bar you from death.  
 There haunt some Papist ruffians hereabout  
 Would murder you.

ELIZABETH.

I thank you heartily, sir,  
 But I am royal, tho' your prisoner,  
 And God hath blest or curs'd me with a nose—  
 Your boots are from the horses.

BEDINGFIELD.

Ay, my Lady.  
 When next there comes a missive from the Queen  
 It shall be all my study for one hour  
 To rose and lavender my horsiness,  
 Before I dare to glance upon your Grace.

ELIZABETH.

A missive from the Queen : last time she wrote,  
 I had like to have lost my life : it takes my breath :  
 O God, sir, do you look upon your boots,  
 Are you so small a man ? Help me : what think you,  
 Is it life or death ?



BEDINGFIELD.

I thought not on my boots ;  
 The devil take all boots were ever made  
 Since man went barefoot. See, I lay it here,  
 For I will come no nearer to your Grace ;

[Laying down the letter.

And, whether it bring you bitter news or sweet,  
 And God have given your Grace a nose, or not,  
 I'll help you, if I may.

ELIZABETH.

Your pardon, then ;

It is the heat and narrowness of the cage  
 That makes the captive testy ; with free wing  
 The world were all one Araby. Leave me now,  
 Will you, companion to myself, sir ?

BEDINGFIELD.

Will I ?

With most exceeding willingness, I will ;  
 You know I never come till I be called.

[Exit.

ELIZABETH.

It lies there folded : is there venom in it ?  
 A snake—and if I touch it, it may sting.  
 Come, come, the worst !  
 Best wisdom is to know the worst at once.

[Reads :

“ It is the King's wish, that you should wed Prince  
 Philibert of Savoy. You are to come to Court on the instant ;  
 and think of this in your coming.

“ MARY THE QUEEN.”

Think ! I have many thoughts ;  
 I think there may be birdlime here for me ;  
 I think they fain would have me from the realm ;  
 I think the Queen may never bear a child ;  
 I think that I may be some time the Queen,  
 Then, Queen indeed : no foreign prince or priest

Should fill my throne, myself upon the steps.  
 I think I will not marry anyone,  
 Specially not this landless Philibert  
 Of Savoy ; but, if Philip menace me,  
 I think that I will play with Philibert—  
 As once the holy father did with mine,  
 Before my father married my good mother—  
 For fear of Spain.

*Enter* LADY.

LADY.

O Lord ! your Grace, your Grace  
 I feel so happy : it seems that we shall fly  
 These bald, blank fields, and dance into the sun  
 That shines on princes.

ELIZABETH.

Yet, a moment since,  
 I wish'd myself the milkmaid singing here,  
 To kiss and cuff among the birds and flowers—  
 A right rough life and healthful.

LADY.

But the wench  
 Hath her own troubles ; she is weeping now ;  
 For the wrong Robin took her at her word.  
 Then the cow kick'd, and all her milk was spilt.  
 Your Highness such a milkmaid ?

ELIZABETH.

I had kept  
 My Robins and my cows in sweeter order  
 Had I been such.

LADY (*slyly*).

And had your Grace a Robin,

ELIZABETH.

Come, come, you are chill here ; you want the sun  
That shines at court ; make ready for the journey.  
Pray God, we 'scape the sunstroke. Ready at once.  
[*Exeunt.*]

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SCENE VI.—LONDON. A ROOM IN THE PALACE.

LORD PETRE *and* LORD WILLIAM HOWARD.

PETRE.

You cannot see the Queen. Renard denied her.  
Ev'n now to me.

HOWARD.

Their Flemish go-between  
And all in-all. I came to thank her Majesty  
For freeing my friend Bagenhall from the Tower ;  
A grace to me ! Mercy, that herb-of-grace,  
Flowers now but seldom.

PETRE.

Only now perhaps,  
Because the Queen hath been three days in tears  
For Philip's going—like the wild hedge-rose  
Of a soft winter, possible, not probable,  
However, you have prov'n it.

HOWARD.

I must see her.

*Enter* RENARD.

RENARD.

My Lords, you cannot see her Majesty.

HOWARD.

Why then the King ! for I would have him bring it  
Home to the leisure wisdom of his Queen,  
Before he go, that since these statutes past,  
Gardiner out-Gardiniers Gardiner in his heat,  
Bonner cannot out-Bonner his own self—  
Beast !—but they play with fire as children do,  
And burn the house. I know that these are breeding  
A fierce resolve and fixt heart-hate in men  
Against the King, the Queen, the Holy Father,  
The faith itself. Can I not see him ?

RENARD.

Not now.

And in all this, my Lord, her Majesty  
Is flint of flint, you may strike fire from her,  
Not hope to melt her. I will give your message.  
[*Exeunt* PETRE and HOWARD.]

*Enter* PHILIP (*musings*).

PHILIP.

She will not have Prince Philibert of Savoy,  
I talk'd with her in vain—says she will live  
And die true maid—a goodly creature too.  
Would *she* had been the Queen ! yet she must have him ;  
She troubles England : that she breathes in England  
Is life and lungs to every rebel birth  
That passes out of embryo.

Simon Renard !—  
This Howard, whom they fear, what was he saying ?

RENARD.

What your imperial father said, my liege,  
To deal with heresy gentlier. Gardiner burns,  
And Bonner burns ; and it would seem this people  
Care more for our brief life in their wet land,  
Than yours in happier Spain. I told my Lord

He should not vex her Highness ; she would say  
These are the means God works with, that His church  
May flourish.

PHILIP.

Ay, sir, but in statesmanship  
To strike too soon is oft to miss the blow.  
'Thou knowest I had my chaplain, Castro, preach  
Against these burnings.

RENARD.

And the Emperor  
Approved you, and when last he wrote, declared  
His comfort in your Grace that you were bland  
And affable to men of all estates,  
In hope to charm them from their hate of Spain.

PHILIP.

In hope to crush all heresy under Spain.  
But, Renard, I am sicker staying here  
Than any sea could make me passing hence,  
Tho' I be ever deadly sick at sea.  
So sick am I with biding for this child.  
Is it the fashion in this clime for women  
To go twelve months in bearing of a child ?  
The nurses yawn'd, the cradle gaped, they led  
Processions, chanted litanies, clash'd their bells,  
Shot off their lying cannon, and her priests  
Have preach'd, the fools, of this fair prince to come,  
Till, by St. James, I find myself the fool.  
Why do you lift your eyebrow at me thus ?

RENARD.

I never saw your Highness moved till now.

PHILIP.

So, weary am I of this wet land of theirs,  
And every soul of man that breathes therein.

RENARD.

My liege, we must not drop the mask before  
The masquerade is over—

PHILIP.

—Have I dropt it?

I have but shown a loathing face to you,  
Who knew it from the first.

*Enter MARY.*

MARY (*Aside*).

With Renard. Still  
Parleying with Renard, all the day with Renard,  
And scarce a greeting all the day for me—  
And goes to-morrow. [*Exit MARY.*]

PHILIP (*to RENARD, who advances to him*).

Well, sir, is there more?

RENARD (*who has perceived the QUEEN*).

May Simon Renard speak a single word?

PHILIP.

Ay.

RENARD.

And be forgiven for it?

PHILIP.

Simon Renard  
Knows me too well to speak a single word  
That could not be forgiven.

RENARD.

Well, my liege,  
Your Grace hath a most chaste and loving wife.

PHILIP.

Why not? The Queen of Philip should be chaste.

RENARD.

Ay, but, my Lord, you know what Virgil sings,  
Woman is various and most mutable.

PHILIP.

She play the harlot! never.

RENARD.

No, sire, no,  
Not dream'd of by the rabidest gospeller.  
There was a paper thrown into the palace,  
"The King hath wearied of his barren bride."  
She came upon it, read it, and then rent it,  
With all the rage of one who hates a truth  
He cannot but allow. Sire I would have you—  
What should I say, I cannot pick my words—  
Be somewhat less—majestic to your Queen.

PHILIP.

Am I to change my manners, Simon Renard,  
Because these islanders are brutal beasts?  
Or would you have me turn a sonneteer,  
And warble those brief-sighted eyes of hers?

RENARD.

Brief-sighted tho' they be, I have seen them, sire,  
When you perchance were trifling royally  
With some fair dame of court, suddenly fill  
With such fierce fire—had it been fire indeed  
It would have burnt both speakers.

PHILIP.

Ay, and then ?

RENARD.

Sire, might it not be policy in some matter  
Of small importance now and then to cede  
A point to her demand ?

PHILIP.

Well, I am going.

RENARD.

For should her love when you are gone, my liege,  
Witness these papers, there will not be wanting  
Those that will urge her injury—should her love—  
And I have known such women more than one—  
Veer to the counterpoint, and jealousy  
Hath in it an alchemic force to fuse  
Almost into one metal love and hate,—  
And she impress her wrongs upon her Council,  
And these again upon her Parliament—  
We are not loved here, and would be then perhaps  
Not so well holpen in our wars with France,  
As else we might be—here she comes.

*Enter MARY.*

MARY.

O Philip !

Nay, must you go indeed ?

PHILIP.

Madam, I must.

MARY.

The parting of a husband and a wife  
Is like the cleaving of a heart ; one half  
Will flutter here, one there.



PHILIP.

You say true, Madam.

MARY.

The Holy Virgin will not have me yet  
Lose the sweet hope that I may bear a prince.  
If such a prince were born and you not here !

PHILIP.

I should be here if such a prince were born.

MARY.

But must you go ?

PHILIP.

Madam, you know my father,  
Retiring into cloistral solitude  
To yield the remnant of his years to heaven,  
Will shift the yoke and weight of all the world  
From off his neck to mine. We meet at Brussels.  
But since mine absence will not be for long,  
Your Majesty shall go to Dover with me,  
And wait my coming back.

MARY.

To Dover ? no,  
I am too feeble. I will go to Greenwich,  
So you will have me with you ; and there watch  
All that is gracious in the breath of heaven  
Draw with your sails from our poor land, and pass  
And leave me, Philip, with my prayers for you.

PHILIP.

And doubtless I shall profit by your prayers.

MARY.

Methinks that would you tarry one day more  
(The news was sudden) I could mould myself  
To bear your going better ; will you do it ?

PHILIP.

Madam, a day may sink or save a realm.

MARY.

A day may save a heart from breaking too.

PHILIP.

Well, Simon Renard, shall we stop a day ?

RENARD.

Your Grace's business will not suffer, sire,  
For one day more, so far as I can tell.

PHILIP.

Then one day more to please her Majesty.

MARY.

The sunshine sweeps across my life again,  
O if I knew you felt this parting, Philip,  
As I do !

PHILIP.

By St. James I do protest,  
Upon the faith and honour of a Spaniard,  
I am vastly grieved to leave your Majesty.  
Simon, is supper ready ?

RENARD.

Ay, my liege,  
I saw the covers laying.

PHILIP.

Let us have it.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A ROOM IN THE PALACE.

MARY, CARDINAL POLE.

MARY.

What have you there ?

POLE.

So please your Majesty,  
A long petition from the foreign exiles  
To spare the life of Cranmer. Bishop Thirlby,  
And my Lord Paget and Lord William Howard,  
Crave, in the same cause, hearing of your Grace.  
Hath he not written himself—infatuated—  
To sue you for his life ?

MARY.

His life ? Oh no ;  
Not sued for that—he knows it were in vain.  
But so much of the anti-papal leaven  
Works in him yet, he hath pray'd me not to sully  
Mine own prerogative, and degrade the realm  
By seeking justice at a stranger's hand  
Against my natural subject. King and Queen,  
To whom he owes his loyalty after God,  
Shall these accuse him to a foreign prince ?  
Death would not grieve him more. I cannot be  
True to this realm of England and the Pope  
Together, says the heretic.

POLE.

And there errs ;  
 As he hath ever err'd thro' vanity.  
 A secular kingdom is but as the body  
 Lacking a soul ; and in itself a beast.  
 The Holy Father in a secular kingdom  
 Is as the soul descending out of heaven  
 Into a body generate.

MARY.

Write to him, then.

POLE.

I will.

MARY.

And sharply, Pole.

POLE.

Here come the Cranmerites !

*Enter* THIRLBY, LORD PAGET, LORD WILLIAM HOWARD.

HOWARD.

Health to your Grace. Good morrow, my Lord Cardinal ;  
 We make our humble prayer unto your Grace  
 That Cranmer may withdraw to foreign parts,  
 Or into private life within the realm.  
 In several bills and declarations, Madam,  
 He hath recanted all his heresies.

PAGET.

Ay, ay ; if Bonner have not forged the bills. [*Aside.*]

MARY.

Did not More die, and Fisher ? he must burn.

HOWARD.

He hath recanted, Madam.

MARY.

The better for him.  
He burns in Purgatory, not in Hell.

HOWARD.

Ay, ay, your Grace ; but it was never seen  
That any one recanting thus at full,  
As Cranmer hath, came to the fire on earth.

MARY.

It will be seen now, then.

THIRLEBY.

O Madam, Madam !  
I thus implore you, low upon my knees,  
To reach the hand of mercy to my friend.  
I have err'd with him ; with him I have recanted.  
What human reason is there why my friend  
Should meet with lesser mercy than myself ?

MARY.

My Lord of Ely, this. After a riot  
We hang the leaders, let their following go.  
Cranmer is head and father of these heresies,  
New learning as they call it ; yea, may God  
Forget me at most need when I forget  
Her foul divorce—my sainted mother—No !—

HOWARD.

Ay, ay, but mighty doctors doubted there.  
The Pope himself waver'd ; and more than one  
Row'd in that galley—Gardner to wit.  
Whom truly I deny not to have been

Your faithful friend and trusty councillor,  
 Hath not your Highness ever read his book,  
 His tractate upon True Obedience,  
 Writ by himself and Bonner ?

MARY.

I will take  
 Such order with all bad, heretical books  
 That none shall hold them in his house and live,  
 Henceforward. No, my Lord.

HOWARD.

Then never read it.  
 The truth is here. Your father was a man  
 Of such colossal kinghood, yet so courteous,  
 Except when wroth, you scarce could meet his eye  
 And hold your own ; and were he wroth indeed,  
 You held it less, or not at all. I say,  
 Your father had a will that beat men down ;  
 Your father had a brain that beat men down--

POLE.

Not me, my Lord.

HOWARD.

No, for you were not here ;  
 You sit upon this fallen Cranmer's throne ;  
 And it would more become you, my Lord Legate,  
 To join a voice, so potent with her Highness,  
 To ours in plea for Cranmer than to stand,  
 On naked self-assertion.

MARY.

All your voices  
 Are waves on flint. The heretic must burn.

HOWARD.

Yet once he saved your Majesty's own life ;  
Stood out against the King in your behalf,  
At his own peril.

MARY.

I know not if he did ;  
And if he did I care not, my Lord Howard.  
My life is not so happy, no such boon,  
That I should spare to take a heretic priest's,  
Who saved it or not saved. Why do you vex me ?

PAGET.

Yet to save Cranmer were to serve the Church,  
Your Majesty's I mean ; he is effaced,  
Self-blotted out ; so wounded in his honour,  
He can but creep down into some dark hole  
Like a hurt beast, and hide himself and die ;  
But if you burn him,—well, your Highness knows  
The saying, "Martyr's blood—seed of the Church."

MARY.

Of the true Church ; but his is none, nor will be.  
You are too politic for me, my Lord Paget?  
And if he have to live so loath'd a life,  
It were more merciful to burn him now.

THIRLBY.

O yet relent. O, Madam, if you knew him  
As I do, ever gentle, and so gracious,  
With all his learning—

MARY.

Yet a heretic still.  
His learning makes his burning the more just.

THIRLBY.

So worshipt of all those that came across him ;  
The stranger at his hearth, and all his house—

MARY.

His children and his concubine, belike.

THIRLBY.

To do him any wrong was to beget  
A kindness from him, for his heart was rich,  
Of such fine mould, that if you sow'd therein  
The seed of Hate, it blossom'd Charity.

POLE.

“ After his kind it costs him nothing,” there's  
An old world English adage to the point.  
These are but natural graces, my good Bishop,  
Which in the Catholic garden are as flowers,  
But on the heretic dunghill only weeds.

HOWARD.

Such weeds make dunghills gracious.

MARY.

Enough, my Lords.  
It is God's will, the Holy Father's will,  
And Philip's will, and mine, that he should burn.  
He is pronounced anathema.

HOWARD.

Farewell, Madam,  
God grant you ampler mercy at your call  
Than you have shown to Cranmer. [Revert Lords.]



POLE.

After this,  
Your Grace will hardly care to overlook  
This same petition of the foreign exiles  
For Cranmer's life.

MARY.

Make out the writ to-night.  
[*Exeunt.*]

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## SCENE II.—OXFORD. CRANMER IN PRISON.

CRANMER.

Last night, I dream'd the faggots were alight,  
And that myself was fasten'd to the stake,  
And found it all a visionary flame,  
Cool as the light in old decaying wood ;  
And then King Harry look'd from out a cloud,  
And bad me have good courage ; and I heard  
An angel cry, " there is more joy in Heaven,"—  
And after that, the trumpet of the dead.

[*Trumpets without.*]

Why, there are trumpets blowing now : what is it ?

*Enter* FATHER COLE.

COLE.

Cranmer, I come to question you again ;  
Have you remain'd in the true Catholic Faith  
I left you in ?

CRANMER.

In the true Catholic Faith,  
By Heaven's grace, I am more and more confirm'd.  
Why are the trumpets blowing, Father Cole ?

COLE.

Cranmer, it is decided by the Council  
That you to-day should read your recantation  
Before the people in Saint Mary's Church.  
And there be many heretics in the town,  
Who loathe you for your late return to Rome,  
And might assail you passing through the street,  
And tear you piecemeal : so you have a guard.

CRANMER.

Or seek to rescue me. I thank the Council.

COLE.

Do you lack any money ?

CRANMER.

Nay, why should I ?  
The prison fare is good enough for me.

COLE.

Ay, but to give the poor.

CRANMER.

Hand it me, then !  
I thank you.

COLE.

For a little space, farewell ;  
Until I see you in St. Mary's Church. [*Exit* COLE.]

CRANMER.

It is against all precedent to burn  
One who recants ; they mean to pardon me.  
To give the poor—they give the poor who die.  
Well, burn me or not burn me I am fixt ;  
It is but a communion, not a mass :

A holy supper, not a sacrifice ;  
No man can make his maker—VILLA GARCIA.

*Enter VILLA GARCIA.*

VILLA GARCIA.

Pray you write out this paper for me, Cranmer.

CRANMER.

Have I not writ enough to satisfy you ?

VILLA GARCIA.

It is the last.

CRANMER.

Give it me, then.

[*He writes.*]

VILLA GARCIA.

Now sign.

CRANMER.

I have sign'd enough, and I will sign no more.

VILLA GARCIA.

It is no more than what you have sign'd already,  
The public form thereof.

CRANMER.

It may be so ;  
I sign it with my presence, if I read it.

VILLA GARCIA.

But this is idle of you. Well, sir, well,  
You are to beg the people to pray for you ;  
Exhort them to a pure and virtuous life ;

Declare the Queen's right to the throne ; confess  
Your faith before all hearers ; and retract  
That Eucharistic doctrine in your book.  
Will you not sign it now ?

CRANMER.

No, Villa Garcia,  
I sign no more. Will they have mercy on me ?

VILLA GARCIA.

Have you good hopes of mercy ? So, farewell. [*Exit.*]

CRANMER.

Good hopes, not theirs, have I that I am fixt,  
Fixt beyond fall ; however, in strange hours,  
After the long brain-dazing colloquies,  
And thousand-times recurring argument  
Of those two friars ever in my prison,  
When left alone in my despondency,  
Without a friend, a book, my faith would seem  
Dead or half-drown'd, or else swam heavily  
Against the huge corruptions of the Church,  
Monsters of mistradition, old enough  
To scare me into dreaming, " what am I,  
Cranmer, against whole ages ? " was it so,  
Or am I slandering my most inward friend,  
To veil the fault of my most outward foe—  
The soft and tremulous coward in the flesh ?  
O higher, holier, earlier, purer church,  
I have found thee and not leave thee any more.  
It is but a communion, not a mass—  
No sacrifice, but a life-giving feast !  
(*Writes.*) So, so ; this will I say—thus will I pray.  
[*Puts up the paper.*]

*Enter* BONNER.

BONNER.

Good day, old friend ; what, you look somewhat worn :  
And yet it is a day to test your health

Ev'n at the best : I scarce have spoken with you  
 Since when ?—your degradation. At your trial  
 Never stood up a bolder man than you ;  
 You would not cap the Pope's commissioner—  
 Your learning, and your stoutness, and your heresy,  
 Dumbfounded half of us. So, after that,  
 We had to dis-archbishop and unlord,  
 And make you simple Cranmer once again.  
 The common barber clipt your hair, and I  
 Scraped from your finger-points the holy oil ;  
 And worse than all, you had to kneel to *me* :  
 Which was not pleasant for you, Master Cranmer.  
 Now you, that would not recognise the Pope,  
 And you, that would not own the Real Presence,  
 Have found a real presence in the stake,  
 Which frights you back into the ancient faith ;  
 And so have recanted to the Pope.  
 How are the mighty fallen, Master Cranmer !

CRANMER.

You have been more fierce against the Pope than I ;  
 But why fling back the stone he strikes me with ? [*Aside.*  
 O Bonner, if I ever did you kindness—  
 Power hath been given you to try faith by fire—  
 Pray you, remembering how yourself have changed,  
 Be somewhat pitiful, after I have gone,  
 To the poor flock—to women and to children—  
 Then when I was archbishop held with me.

BONNER.

Ay—gentle as they call you—live or die !  
 Pitiful to this pitiful heresy ?  
 I must obey the Queen and Council, man.  
 Win thro' this day with honour to yourself,  
 And I'll say something for you—so—good-bye. [*Exit.*

CRANMER.

This hard coarse man of old hath crouched to me  
 Till I myself was half ashamed for him.

*Enter* THIRLBY.

Weep not, good Thirlby.

THIRLBY.

Oh, my Lord, my Lord !  
My heart is no such block as Bonner's is :  
Who would not weep ?

CRANMER.

Why do you so my-lord me,  
Who am disgraced ?

THIRLBY.

On earth ; but saved in heaven  
By your recanting.

CRANMER.

Will they burn me, Thirlby ?

THIRLBY.

Alas, they will, these burnings will not help  
The purpose of the faith ; but my poor voice  
Against them is a whisper to the roar  
Of a spring-tide.

CRANMER.

And they will surely burn me ?

THIRLBY.

Ay ; and besides, will have you in the church  
Repeat your recantation in the ears  
Of all men, to the saving of their souls,  
Before your execution. May God help you  
Thro' that hard hour.

CRANMER.

And may God bless you, Thirlby.  
Well, they shall hear my recantation there.

[Exit THIRLBY.]

Disgraced, dishonour'd !—not by them, indeed,  
By mine own self—by mine own hand !  
O thin-skinn'd hand and jutting veins, 'twas you  
That sign'd the burning of poor Joan of Kent ;  
But then she was a witch. You have written much,  
But you were never raised to plead for Frith,  
Whose dogmas I have reach'd ; he was deliver'd  
To the secular arm to burn ; and there was Lambert ;  
Who can foresee himself ? truly these burnings,  
As Thirlby says, are profitless to the burners,  
And help the other side. You shall burn too,  
Burn first when I am burnt.  
Fire—inch by inch to die in agony ! Latimer,  
Had a brief end—not Ridley. Hooper burn'd  
Three-quarters of an hour. Will my faggots  
Be wet as his were ? It is a day of rain.  
I will not muse upon it.  
My fancy takes the burner's part and makes  
The fire seem even crueller than it is.  
No, I not doubt that God will give me strength,  
Albeit I have denied him.

*Enter SOTO and VILLA GARCIA.*

VILLA GARCIA.

We are ready  
To take you to St. Mary's, Master Cranmer.

CRANMER.

And I : lead on ; ye loose me from my bonds.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III.—ST. MARY'S CHURCH.

COLE *in the Pulpit*, LORD WILLIAMS OF THAME *presiding*.  
LORD WILLIAM HOWARD, LORD PAGET, *and others*. CRANMER *enters between SOTO and VILLA GARCIA, and the whole Choir strike up "Nunc Dimittis."* CRANMER *is set upon a Scaffold before the people.*

COLE.

Behold him— [A pause ; people in the foreground.]

PEOPLE.

Oh, unhappy sight !

FIRST PROTESTANT.

See how the tears run down his fatherly face.

SECOND PROTESTANT.

James, didst thou ever see a carrion crow  
Stand watching a sick beast before he dies ?

FIRST PROTESTANT.

Him perch'd up there ? I wish some thunderbol  
Would make this Cole a cinder, pulpit and all.

COLE.

Behold him brethren : he hath cause to weep !—  
So have we all : weep with him if ye will,  
Yet—  
It is expedient for one man to die,  
Yea, for the people, lest the people die.  
Yet wherefore should he die that hath return'd  
To the one Catholic Universal Church,  
Repentant of his errors ?

PROTESTANT *murmurs.*

Ay, tell us that.



COLE.

Those of the wrong side will despise the man,  
Deeming him one that thro' the fear of death  
Gave up his cause, except he seal his faith  
In sight of all with flaming martyrdom.

CRANMER.

Ay.

COLE.

Ye hear him, and albeit there may seem  
According to the canons pardon due  
To him that so repents, yet are there causes  
Wherefore our Queen and Council at this time  
Adjudge him to the death. He hath been a traitor,  
A shaker and confounder of the realm ;  
And when the King's divorce was sued at Rome.  
He here, this heretic metropolitan,  
As if he had been the Holy Father, sat  
And judged it. Did I call him heretic ?  
A huge heresiarch ! never was it known  
That any man so writing, preaching so,  
So poisoning the Church, so long continuing,  
Hath found his pardon ; therefore he must die,  
For warning and example.

Other reasons

There be for this man's ending, which our Queen  
And Council at this present deem it not  
Expedient to be known.

PROTESTANT *murmurs*.

I warrant you.

COLE.

Take therefore, all, example by this man,  
For if our Holy Queen not pardon him,  
Much less shall others in like cause escape,  
That all of you, the highest as the lowest,

May learn there is no power against the Lord.  
 There stands a man, once of so high degree,  
 Chief prelate of our Church, archbishop, first  
 In Council, second person in the realm,  
 Friend for so long time of a mighty King ;  
 And now ye see downfallen and debased  
 From councillor to caitiff—fallen so low,  
 The leprous flutterings of the byway, scum  
 And offal of the city would not change  
 Estates with him ; in brief, so miserable,  
 There is no hope of better left for him,  
 No place for worse.

Yet, Cranmer be thou glad.

This is the work of God. He is glorified  
 In thy conversion : lo ! thou art reclaimed ;  
 He brings thee home ; nor fear but that to-day  
 Thou shalt receive the penitent thief's award,  
 And be with Christ the Lord in Paradise.  
 Remember how God made the fierce fire seem  
 To those three children like a pleasant dew.  
 Remember, too,  
 The triumph of St. Andrew on his cross,  
 The patience of St. Lawrence in the fire.  
 Thus, if thou call on God and all the saints,  
 God will beat down the fury of the flame,  
 Or give thee saintly strength to undergo.  
 And for thy soul shall masses here be sung  
 By every priest in Oxford. Pray for him.

CRANMER.

Ay, one and all, dear brothers, pray for me ;  
 Pray with one breath, one heart, one soul for me

COLE.

And now, lest anyone among you doubt  
 The man's conversion and remorse of heart,  
 Yourselves shall hear him speak. Speak, Master Cranmer,  
 Fulfil your promise made me, and proclaim  
 Your true undoubted faith, that all may hear,

## CRANMER.

And that I will. O God, Father of Heaven !  
 O Son of God, Redeemer of the world !  
 O Holy Ghost ! proceeding from them both,  
 Three persons and one God, have mercy on me,  
 Most miserable sinner, wretched man.  
 I have offended against heaven and earth  
 More grievously than any tongue can tell.  
 Then whither should I flee for any help ?  
 I am ashamed to lift my eyes to heaven,  
 And I can find no refuge upon earth.  
 Shall I despair then ?—God forbid ! O God,  
 For Thou art merciful, refusing none  
 That come to Thee for succour, unto Thee,  
 Therefore, I come ; humble myself to Thee ;  
 Saying, O Lord God, although my sins be great,  
 For Thy great mercy have mercy ! O God the Son,  
 Not for slight faults alone, when Thou becamest  
 Man in the Flesh, was the great mystery wrought ;  
 Oh God the Father, not for little sins  
 Didst Thou yield up Thy Son to human death ;  
 But for the greatest sin that can be sinn'd,  
 Yea, even such as mine, incalculable,  
 Unpardonable,—sin against the light,  
 The truth of God, which I had proven and known.  
 Thy mercy must be greater than all sin.  
 Forgive me, Father, for no merit of mine,  
 But that Thy name by man be glorified,  
 And Thy most blessed Son's, who died for man.

Good people, every man at time of death  
 Would fain set forth some saying that may live  
 After his death and better humankind ;  
 For death gives life's last word a power to live,  
 And, like the stone-cut epitaph, remain  
 After the vanish'd voice, and speak to men.  
 God grant me grace to glorify my God !  
 And first I say it is a grievous case,  
 Many so dote upon this bubble world,  
 Whose colours in a moment break and fly,  
 They care for nothing else. What saith St. John :—  
 " Love of this world is hatred against God."

Again, I pray you all that, next to God,  
 You do un murmuringly and willingly  
 Obey your King and Queen, and not for dread  
 Of these alone, but from the fear of Him  
 Whose ministers they be to govern you.  
 Thirdly, I pray you all to love together  
 Like brethren ; yet what hatred Christian men  
 Bear to each other, seeming not as brethren,  
 But mortal foes ! But do you good to all  
 As much as in you lieth. Hurt no man more  
 Than you would harm your loving natural brother  
 Of the same roof, same breast. If any do,  
 Albeit he think himself at home with God,  
 Of this be sure, he is whole worlds away.

PROTESTANT *murmurs.*

What sort of brothers then be those that lust  
 To burn each other ?

WILLIAMS.

Peace among you, there.

CRANMER.

Fourthly, to those that own exceeding wealth,  
 Remember that sore saying spoken once  
 By Him that was the truth, "how hard it is  
 For the rich man to enter into Heaven ;"  
 Let all rich men remember that hard word.  
 I have not time for more : if ever, now  
 Let them flow forth in charity, seeing now  
 The poor so many, and all food so dear.  
 Long have I lain in prison, yet have heard  
 Of all their wretchedness. Give to the poor,  
 Ye give to God. He is with us in the poor.

And now, and forasmuch as I have come  
 To the last end of life, and thereupon  
 Hangs all my past, and all my life to be,  
 Either to live with Christ in Heaven with joy,  
 Or to be still in pain with devils in hell ;

And, seeing, in a moment, I shall find [*Pointing upwards.*  
Heaven or else hell ready to swallow me,

I shall declare to you my very faith  
Without all colour. [*Pointing downwards.*

COLE.

Hear him, my good brethren.

CRANMER.

I do believe in God ; Father of all ;  
In every article of the Catholic faith,  
And every syllable taught us by our Lord,  
His prophets, and apostles in the Testaments,  
Both Old and New.

COLE.

Be plainer, Master Craumer.

CRANMER.

And now I come to the great cause that weighs  
Upon my conscience more than anything  
Or said or done in all my life by me ;  
For there be writings I have set abroad  
Against the truth I knew within my heart,  
Written for fear of death, to save my life,  
If that might be ; the papers by my hand  
Sign'd since my degradation—by this hand

[*Holding out his right hand.*

Written and sign'd—I here renounce the all ;  
And, since my hand offended, having written  
Against my heart, my hand shall first be burnt,  
So I may come to the fire.

[*Dead silence.*

PROTESTANT *murmurs.*

FIRST PROTESTANT.

I knew it would be so.

SECOND PROTESTANT.

Our prayers are heard.

THIRD PROTESTANT.

God bless him !

CATHOLIC *murmurs.*

Out upon him ! out upon him !  
Liar ! dissembler ! traitor ! to the fire !

WILLIAMS (*raising his voice.*)

You know that you recanted all you said  
Touching the sacrament in that same book  
You wrote against my Lord of Winchester ;  
Dissemble not ; play the plain Christian man.

CRANMER.

Alas, my Lord,  
I have been a man loved plainness all my life ;  
I *did* dissemble, but the hour has come  
For utter truth and plainness ; wherefore, I say,  
I hold by all I wrote within that book.  
Moreover,  
As for the Pope I count him Antichrist,  
With all his devil's doctrines ; and refuse,  
Reject him, and abhor him. I have said.

[*Cries on all sides, " Pull him down ! Away with him."*]

COLE.

Ay, stop the heretic's mouth. Hale him away.

WILLIAMS.

Harm him not, harm him not, have him to the fire.

[CRANMER *goes out between Two Friars, smiling ; hands are reached to him from the crowd.*]

LORD WILLIAM HOWARD and LORD PAGET  
*are left alone in the church.*

PAGET.

The nave and aisles all empty as a fool's ject !  
No, here's Lord William Howard. What, my Lord,  
You have not gone to see the burning ?

HOWARD.

Fie !

To stand at ease, and stare as at a show,  
And watch a good man burn. Never again.  
I saw the deaths of Latimer and Ridley.  
Moreover tho' a Catholic, I would not,  
For the pure honour of our common nature,  
Hear what I might—another recantation  
Of Cranmer at the stake.

PAGET.

You'd not hear that.  
He pass'd out smiling and he walk'd upright ;  
His eye was like a soldier's, whom the general  
He looks to and leans on as his God,  
Hath rated for some backwardness and bidd'n him  
Charge one against a thousand, and the man  
Hurls his soil'd life against the pikes and dies.

HOWARD.

Yet that he might not after all those papers  
Of recantation yield again, who knows ?

PAGET.

Papers of recantation, think you then  
That Cranmer read all papers that he sign'd ?  
Or sign'd all those they tell us that he sign'd  
Nay, I trow not : and you shall see, my Lord,  
That howsoever hero-like the man  
Dies in the fire, this Bonner or another  
Will in some lying fashion misreport  
His ending to the glory of their church.

And you saw Latimer and Ridley die ?  
 Latimer was eighty, was he not ? his best  
 Of life was over then.

HOWARD.

His eighty years  
 Look'd somewhat crooked on him in his frieze ;  
 But after they had stript him to his shroud,  
 He stood upright, a lad of twenty-one,  
 And gather'd with his hands the starting flame,  
 And wash'd his hands and all his face therein  
 Until the powder suddenly blew him dead.  
 Ridley was longer burning ; but he died  
 As manfully and boldly, and 'fore God,  
 I know them heretics, but right English ones.  
 If ever, as heaven grant, we clash with Spain,  
 Our Ridley-soldiers and our Latimer-sailors  
 Will teach her something.

PAGET.

Your mild Legate Pole  
 Will tell you that the devil helpt them thro' it.  
*[A murmur of the Crowd in the distance.]*  
 Hark, how those Roman wolfdogs howl and bay him.

HOWARD.

Might it not be the other side rejoicing  
 In his brave end.

PAGET.

They are too crush'd, too broken,  
 They can but weep in silence.

HOWARD.

Ay, ay, Paget,  
 They have brought it in large measure on themselves.  
 Have I not heard them mock the blessed Host  
 In songs so lewd, the beast might roar his claim





HOWARD.

We talk and Cranmer suffers.  
 The kindest man I ever knew ; see, see,  
 I speak of him in the past. Unhappy land !  
 Hard-natured Queen, half Spanish in herself,  
 And grafted on the hard-grain'd stock of Spain—  
 Her life, since Philip left her, and she lost  
 Her fierce desire of bearing him a child,  
 Hath, like a brief and bitter winter's day,  
 Gone narrowing down and darkening to a close.  
 There will be more conspiracies, I fear.

PAGET.

Ay, ay, beware of France.

HOWARD.

O Paget, Paget !

I have seen heretics of the poorer sort,  
 Expectant of the rack from day to day,  
 To whom the fire were welcome, lying chain'd  
 In breathless dungeons over steaming sewers,  
 Fed with rank bread that crawl'd upon the tongue,  
 And putrid water, every drop a worm,  
 Until they died of rotted limbs ; and then  
 Cast on the dunghill naked, and become  
 Hideously alive again from head to heel,  
 Made even the carrion-nosing mongrel vomit  
 With hate and horror.

PAGET.

Nay, you sicken *me*

To hear you.

HOWARD.

Fancy-sick ; these things are done,  
 Done right against the promise of this Queen  
 Twice given.

PAGET.

No faith with heretics, my Lord  
Hist ! there be two old gossips—gospellers,  
I take it ; stand behind the pillar here ;  
I warrant you they talk about the burning.

*Enter TWO OLD WOMEN. JOAN, and after her TIB.*

JOAN.

Why, it be Tib.

TIB.

I cum behind tha, gall, and couldn't make tha hear. Eh, the wind and the wet ! What a day, what a day ! nigh upo' judgement daay loike. Pwoaps be pretty things, Joan, but they wunt set i' the Lords' cheer o' that daay.

JOAN.

I must set down myself, Tib ; it be a var waay vor my owld legs up vro' Islip. Eh, my rheumatizy be that bad howiver be I to win to the burnin'.

TIB.

I should saay 'twur ower by now. I'd ha' been here avore, but Dumble wur blow'd wi' the wind, and Dumble's the best milcher in Islip.

JOAN.

Our Daisy's as good 'z her.

TIB.

Noa, Joan.

JOAN.

Our Daisy's butter's as good'z hern.

TIB.

Noa, Joan.

JOAN.

Our Daisy's cheeses be better.

TIB.

Noa, Joan.

JOAN.

Eh, then ha' thy waay wi' me, Tib; ez thou hast wi' thy owld man.

TIB.

Ay, Joan, and my owld man wur up and awaay betimes wi' dree hard eggs for a good plice at the burnin'; and barrin' the wet, Hodge 'ud ha' been a-harrowin' o' white peasen i' the outfield—and barrin' the wind, Dumble wur blow'd wi' the wind, so 'z we was forced to stick her, but we fetched her round at last. Thank the Lord therevore. Dumble's the best milcher in Islip.

JOAN.

Thou's thy way wi' man and beast, Tib. I wonder at tha', it beats me! Eh, but I do know ez Pwoaps and vires be bad things; tell 'ee now, I heerd summat as summun towld summun o' owld Bishop Gardiner's end; there wur an owld lord a-cum to dine wi' un, and a wur so owld a couldn't bide vor his dinner, but a had to bide howsomiver, vor "I wunt dine," says my Lord Bishop, says he, "not till I hears ez Latimer and Ridley be a-vire;" and so they bided on and on till vour o' the clock, till his man cum in post vro' here, and tells un ez the vire has tuk holt, "Now," says the bishop, says he, "we'll gwo to dinner;" and the owld lord fell to 's meat wi' a will, God bless un; but Gardiner wur struck down like by the hand o' God avore a could taste a mossel, and a set him all a-vire, so 'z the tongue on un cum a-lolluping out o' 'is mouth as black as a rat. Thank the Lord therevore.

PAGET.

The fools !

TIB.

Ay, Joan ; and Queen Mary gwoes on a-burnin' and a-burnin', to git her baaby born ; but all her burnins' 'ill never burn out the hypocrisy that makes the water in her. There's nough't but the vire of God's hell ez can burn out that.

JOAN.

Thank the Lord, therevore.

PAGET

The fools

TIB.

A-burnin' and a-burnin', and a-makin' o' volk madder and madder ; but tek thou my word vor't, Joan,—and I bean't wrong not twice i' ten year—the burnin' o' the owld arch-bishop 'ill burn the Pwoap out o' this 'ere land for iver and iver.

HOWARD.

Out of the church, you brace of cursed crones,  
Or I will have you duck'd. (*Women hurry out.*) Said I  
not right ?  
For how should reverend prelate or throned prince  
Brook for an hour such brute malignity ?  
Ah, what an acrid wine has Luther brew'd !

PAGET.

Pooh, pooh, my Lord ! poor garrulous country-wives.  
Buy you their cheeses, and they'll side with you ;  
You cannot judge the liquor from the less.

HOWARD.

I think that in some sort we may. But see,

*Enter PETERS.*

Peters, my gentleman, an honest Catholic,  
 Who follow'd with the crowd to Cranmer's fire.  
 One that would neither misreport nor lie,  
 Not to gain paradise : no, nor if the Pope  
 Charged him to do it—he is white as death.  
 Peters, how pale you look ! you bring the smoke  
 Of Craumer's burning with you.

PETERS.

Twice or thrice  
 The smoke of Cranmer's burning wrapt me round.

HOWARD.

Peters, you know me Catholic, but English.  
 Did he die bravely ? Tell me that, or leave  
 All else untold.

PETERS.

My Lord, he died most bravely.

HOWARD.

Then tell me all.

PAGET.

Ay, Master Peters, tell us.

PETERS.

You saw him how he past among the crowd ;  
 And ever as he walk'd the Spanish frairs  
 Still plied him with entreaty and reproach :  
 But Cranmer, as the helmsman at the helm  
 Steers, ever looking to the happy haven  
 Where he shall rest at night, moved to his death ;  
 And I could see that many silent hands  
 Came from the crowd and met his own ; and thus,

When we had come where Ridley burnt with Latimer,  
 He, with a cheerful smile, as one whose mind  
 Is all made up, in haste to put off the rags  
 They had mock'd his misery with, and all in white,  
 His long white beard, which he had never shaven  
 Since Henry's death, down-sweeping to the chain,  
 Wherewith they bound him to the stake, he stood,  
 More like an ancient father of the Church,  
 Than heretic of these times ; and still the friars  
 Plied him, but Cranmer only shook his head,  
 Or answer'd them in smiling negatives ;  
 Whereat Lord Williams gave a sudden cry :—  
 " Make short ! make short ! " and so they lit the wood.  
 Then Cranmer lifted his left hand to heaven,  
 And thrust his right into the bitter flame ;  
 And crying, in his deep voice, more than once,  
 " This hath offended—this unworthy hand ! "  
 So held it till it all was burn'd, before  
 The flame had reach'd his body ; I stood near—  
 Mark'd him—he never uttered moan of pain :  
 He never stirr'd or writhed, but like a statue,  
 Unmoving in the greatness of the flame,  
 Gave up the ghost ; and so past martyr-like—  
 Martyr I may not call him—past—but whither ?

PAGET.

To purgatory, man, to purgatory.

PETERS.

Nay, but, my Lord, he denied purgatory.

PAGET.

Why then to heaven, and God ha' mercy on him.

HOWARD.

Paget, despite his fearful heresies,  
 I loved the man, and needs must moan for him  
 O Cranmer !

PAGET.

But your moan is useless now :  
 Come out, my Lord, it is a world of fools. [Exeunt.

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—LONDON. HALL IN THE PALACE.

QUEEN, SIR NICHOLAS HEATH.

HEATH.

Madam,  
 I do assure you, that it must be look'd to :  
 Calais is but ill-garrison'd, in Guisnes  
 Are scarce two hundred men, and the French fleet  
 Rule in the narrow seas. It must be look'd to,  
 If war should fall between yourself and France ;  
 Or you will lose your Calais.

MARY.

It shall be look'd to ;

I wish you a good morning, good Sir Nicholas :  
 Here is the King. [Exit HEATH.]

*Enter* PHILIP.

PHILIP.

Sir Nicholas tells you true,  
 And you must look to Calais when I go.

MARY.

Go ! must you go, indeed—again—so soon ?  
 Why, nature's licensed vagabond, the swallow,  
 That might live always in the sun's warm heart,  
 Stays longer here in our poor north than you :—  
 Knows where he nested—ever comes again.



PHILIP.

And, Madam, so shall I.

MARY.

O, will you ? will you ?  
I am faint with fear that you will come no more.

PHILIP.

Ay, ay ; but many voices call me hence.

MARY.

Voices—I hear unhappy rumours—nay,  
I say not, I believe. What voices call you  
Dearer than mine that should be dearest to you ?  
Alas, my Lord ! what voices and how many ?

PHILIP.

The voices of Castile and Aragon,  
Granada, Naples, Sicily, and Milan,—  
The voices of Franche-Comté, and the Netherlands,  
The voices of Peru and Mexico,  
Tunis, and Oran, and the Philipppines,  
And all the fair spice-islands of the East.

MARY (*admiringly*).

You are the mightiest monarch upon earth,  
I but a little Queen ; and so, indeed,  
Need you the more ; and wherefore could you not  
Helm the huge vessel of your state, my liege,  
Here, by the side of her who loves you most ?

PHILIP.

No, Madam, no ! a candle in the sun  
Is all but smoke—a star beside the moon  
Is all but lost ; your people will not crown me—  
Your people are as cheerless as your clime ;

Hate me and mine : witness the brawls, the gibbets.  
 Here swings a Spaniard—there an Englishman ;  
 The peoples are unlike as their complexion ;  
 Yet will I be your swallow and return—  
 But now I cannot bide.

MARY.

Not to help *me* ?  
 They hate *me* also for my love to you,  
 My Philip ; and these judgments on the land—  
 Harvestless autumns, horrible agues, plague—

PHILIP.

The blood and sweat of heretics at the stake  
 Is God's best dew upon the barren field.  
 Burn more !

MARY.

I will, I will ; and you will stay.

PHILIP.

Have I not said ? Madam, I came to sue  
 Your Council and yourself to declare war.

MARY.

Sir, there are many English in your ranks  
 To help your battle.

PHILIP.

So far, good. I say  
 I came to sue your Council and yourself  
 To declare war against the King of France.

MARY.

Not to see me ?

PHILIP.

Ay, Madam, to see you.  
Unalterably and pesteringly fond ! [Aside.  
But, soon or late you must have war with France ;  
King Henry warms your traitors at his hearth.  
Carew is there, and Thomas Stafford there.  
Courtenay, belike—

MARY.

A fool and featherhead !

PHILIP.

Ay, but they use his name. In brief, this Henry  
Stirs up your land against you to the intent  
That you may lose your English heritage.  
And then, your Scottish namesake marrying  
The Dauphin, he would weld France, England, Scotland,  
Into one sword to hack at Spain and me.

MARY.

And yet the Pope is now collegued with France ;  
You make your wars upon him down in Italy :—  
Philip, can that be well ?

PHILIP.

Content you, Madam ;  
You must abide my judgment, and my father's,  
Who deems it a most just and holy war.  
The Pope would cast the Spaniard out of Naples :  
He calls us worse than Jews, Moors, Saracens.  
The Pope has push'd his horns beyond his mitre—  
Beyond his province. Now,  
Duke Alva will but touch him on the horns,  
And he withdraws ; and of his holy head—  
For Alva is true son of the true church—  
No hair is harm'd. Will you not help me here ?

MARY.

Alas ! the Council will not hear of war.  
 They say your wars are not the wars of England.  
 They will not lay more taxes on a land  
 So hunger-nipt and wretched ; and you know  
 The crown is poor. We have given the church-lands back :  
 The nobles would not ; nay, they clapt their hands  
 Upon their swords when ask'd ; and therefore God  
 Is hard upon the people. What's to be done ?  
 Sir, I will move them in your cause again,  
 And we will raise us loans and subsidies  
 Among the merchants ; and Sir Thomas Gresham  
 Will aid us. There is Antwerp and the Jews.

PHILIP.

Madam, my thanks.

MARY.

And you will stay your going ?

PHILIP.

And further to discourage and lay lame  
 The plots of France, altho' you love her not,  
 You must proclaim Elizabeth your heir.  
 She stands between you and the Queen of Scots.

MARY.

The Queen of Scots at least is Catholic.

PHILIP.

Ay, Madam, Catholic ; but I will not have  
 The King of France the King of England too.

MARY.

But she's a heretic, and, when I am gone,  
 Brings the new learning back.

PHILIP.

It must be done,  
You must proclaim Elizabeth your heir.

MARY.

Then it is done ; but you will stay your going  
Somewhat beyond your settled purpose ?

PHILIP.

No !

MARY.

What, not one day ?

PHILIP.

You beat upon the rock.

MARY.

And I am broken there.

PHILIP.

Is this a place  
To wail in, Madam ? what ! a public hall.  
Go in, I pray you.

MARY.

Do not seem so changed.  
Say go ; but only say it lovingly.

PHILIP.

You do mistake. I am not one to change.  
I never loved you more.

MARY.

Sire, I obey you.

Come quickly.

PHILIP.

Ay.

[Exit MARY.]

*Enter* COUNT DE FERIA.

FERIA (*aside*).

The Queen in tears.

PHILIP.

Feria!

Hast thou not mark'd—come closer to mine ear—  
How doubly aged this Queen of ours hath grown  
Since she lost hope of bearing us a child?

FERIA.

Sire, if your Grace hath mark'd it, so have I.

PHILIP.

Hast thou not likewise mark'd Elizabeth,  
How fair and royal—like a Queen, indeed?

FERIA.

Allow me the same answer as before—  
That if your Grace hath mark'd her, so have I.

PHILIP.

Good, now; methinks my Queen is like enough  
To leave me by and by.

FERIA.

To leave you, sire?

PHILIP.

I mean not like to live. Elizabeth—  
To Philibert of Savoy, as you know,  
We meant to wed her; but I am not sure  
She will not serve me better—so my Queen  
Would leave me—as—my wife.

FERIA.

Sire, even so.

PHILIP.

She will not have Prince Philibert of Savoy.

FERIA.

No, sire.

PHILIP.

I have to pray you, some odd time,  
To sound the Princess carelessly on this ;  
Not as from me, but as your fantasy ;  
And tell me how she takes it.

FERIA.

Sire, I will.

PHILIP.

I am not certain but that Philibert  
Shall be the man ; and I shall urge his suit  
Upon the Queen, because I am not certain :  
You understand, Feria.

FERIA.

Sire, I do.

PHILIP.

And if you be not secret in this matter,  
You understand me there, too ?

FERIA.

Sire, I do.

PHILIP.

You must be sweet and supple, like a Frenchman.  
She is none of those who loathe the honeycomb.

[Exit FERIAL.]

Enter RENARD.

RENARD.

My liege, I bring you goodly tidings.

PHILIP.

Well.

RENARD.

There *will* be war with France, at last, my liege ;  
Sir Thomas Stafford, a bull-headed ass,  
Sailing from France with thirty Englishmen,  
Hath taken Scarboro' Castle, north of York ;  
Proclaims himself protector, and affirms  
The Queen has forfeited her right to reign  
By marriage with an alien—other things  
As idle ; a weak Wyatt ! Little doubt  
This buzz will soon be silenced ! but the Council  
(I have talked with some already) are for war.  
This is the fifth conspiracy hatch'd in France ;  
They show their teeth upon it ; and your Grace,  
So you will take advice of mine, should stay  
Yet for awhile, to shape and guide the event.

PHILIP.

Good ! Renard, I will stay then.

RENARD.

Also, sire,  
Might I not say—to please your wife, the Queen ?

PHILIP.

Ay, Renard, if you care to put it so.

[*Exeunt.*]



## SCENE II.—A ROOM IN THE PALACE.

MARY *and* CARDINAL POLE.LADY CLARENCE *and* ALICE *in the background.*

MARY.

Reginald Pole, what news hath plagued thy heart?  
 What makes thy favour like the bloodless head  
 Fall'n on the block, and held up by the hair?  
 Philip?—

POLE.

No, Philip is as warm in life  
 As ever.

MARY.

Ay, and then as cold as ever.  
 Is Calais taken?

POLE.

Cousin, there hath chanced  
 A sharper harm to England and to Rome,  
 Than Calais taken. Julius the Third  
 Was ever just, and mild, and fatherlike;  
 But this new Pope Caraffa, Paul the Fourth,  
 Not only reft me of that legateship  
 Which Julius gave me, and the legateship  
 Annex'd to Canterbury—nay, but worse—  
 And so must you, good cousin;—worse than all,  
 A passing bell toll'd in a dying ear—  
 He hath cited me to Rome, for heresy,  
 Before his Inquisition.

MARY.

I knew it, cousin,  
 But held from you all papers sent by Rome,  
 That you might rest among us, till the Pope,

To compass which I wrote myself to Rome,  
Reversed his doom, and that you might not seem  
To disobey his Holiness.

POLE.

He hates Philip ;  
He is all Italian, and he hates the Spaniard ;  
He cannot dream that *I* advised the war ;  
He strikes thro' me at Philip and yourself.  
Nay, but I know it of old, he hates me too ;  
So brands me in the stare of Christendom  
A heretic !  
Now, even now, when bow'd before my time,  
The house half-ruin'd ere the lease be out ;  
When I should guide the Church in peace at home,  
After my twenty years of banishment,  
And all my lifelong labour to uphold  
The primacy—a heretic. Long ago,  
When I was ruler in the patrimony,  
I was too lenient to the Lutheran,  
And I and learned friends among ourselves  
Would freely canvass certain Lutheranisms.  
What then, he knew I was no Lutheran.  
A heretic !  
He drew this shaft against me to the head,  
When it was thought I might be chosen Pope,  
But then withdrew it. In full consistory,  
When I was made Archbishop, he approved me.  
And how should he have sent me Legate hither,  
Deeming me heretic ? and what heresy since ?  
But he was evermore mine enemy,  
And hates the Spaniard—fiery-choleric,  
A drinker of black, strong, volcanic wines,  
That ever make him fierier. I, a heretic ?  
Your Highness knows that in pursuing heresy  
I have gone beyond your late Lord Chancellor,—  
He cried Enough ! enough ! before his death.—  
Gone beyond him and mine own natural man  
(It was God's cause) ; so far they call me now,  
The scourge and butcher of their English church.

MARY.

Have courage, your reward is Heaven itself.

POLE.

They groan amen ; they swarm into the fire  
Like flies—for what ? no dogma. They know nothing ;  
They burn for nothing.

MARY.

You have done your best.

POLE.

Have done my best, and as a faithful son,  
That all day long hath wrought his father's work,  
When back he comes at evening hath the door  
Shut on him by the father whom he loved,  
His early follies cast into his teeth,  
And the poor son turn'd out into the street  
To sleep, to die—I shall die of it, cousin.

MARY.

I pray you be not so disconsolate ;  
I still will do mine utmost with the Pope.  
Poor cousin.  
Have I not been the fast friend of your life  
Since mine began, and it was thought we two  
Might make one flesh, and cleave unto each other  
As man and wife.

POLE.

Ah, cousin, I remember,  
How I would dandle you upon my knee  
At lispings age. I watch'd you dancing once  
With your huge father ; he look'd the Great Harry,  
You but his cockboat ; prettily you did it,  
And innocently. No—we were not made  
One flesh in happiness, no happiness here ;

But now we are made one flesh in misery ;  
 Our bridesmaids are not lovely—Disappointment,  
 Ingratitude, Injustice, Evil-tongue,  
 Labour-in-vain.

MARY.

Surely, not all in vain.  
 Peace, consin, peace ! I am sad at heart myself.

POLE.

Our altar is a mound of dead men's clay,  
 Dug from the grave that yawns for us beyond ;  
 And there is one Death stands behind the Groom,  
 And there is one Death stands behind the Bride—

MARY.

Have you been looking at the “ Dance of Death ? ”

POLE.

No ; but these libellous papers which I found  
 Strewn in your palace. Look you here—the Pope  
 Pointing at me with “ Pole, the heretic,  
 Thou hast burnt others, do thou burn thyself,  
 Or I will burn thee ” and this other ; see !—  
 “ We pray continually for the death  
 Of our accursed Queen and Cardinal Pole.”  
 This last—I dare not read it to her.

[*Aside*

MARY.

Away !

Why do you bring me these ?  
 I thought you knew me better. I never read,  
 I tear them ; they come back upon my dreams.  
 The hands that write them should be burnt clean off  
 As Cranmer's, and the fiends that utter them  
 Tongue-torn with pincers, lash'd to death, or lie  
 Famishing in black cells, while famished rats  
 Eat them alive. Why do they bring me these ?  
 Do you mean to drive me mad ?

POLE.

I had forgotten  
 How these poor libels trouble you. Your pardon,  
 Sweet cousin, and farewell ! “ O bubble world,  
 Whose colours in a moment break and fly ! ”  
 Why, who said that ? I know not—true enough !

*[Puts up the papers, all but the last, which falls.*  
*Exit POLE.*

ALICE.

If Cranmer's spirit were a mocking one,  
 And heard these two, there might be sport for him. *[Aside.*

MARY.

Clarence, they hate me ; even while I speak  
 There lurks a silent dagger, listening  
 In some dark closet, some long gallery, drawn,  
 And panting for my blood as I go by.

LADY CLARENCE.

Nay, Madam, there be loyal papers too,  
 And I have often found them.

MARY.

Find me one !

LADY CLARENCE.

Ay, Madam ; but Sir Nicholas Heath, the Chancellor,  
 Would see your Highness.

MARY.

Wherefore should I see him ?

LADY CLARENCE.

Well, Madam, he may bring you news from Philip.

MARY.

So, Clarence.

LADY CLARENCE.

Let me first put up your hair ;  
It tumbles all abroad.

MARY.

And the gray dawn  
Of an old age that never will be mine  
Is all the clearer seen. No, no ; what matters ?  
Forlorn I am, and let me look forlorn.

*Enter* SIR NICHOLAS HEATH.

HEATH.

I bring your Majesty such grievous news  
I grieve to bring it. Madam, Calais is taken.

MARY.

What traitor spoke ? Here, let my cousin Pole  
Seize him and burn him for a Lutheran.

HEATH.

Her Highness is unwell. I will retire.

LADY CLARENCE.

Madam, your Chancellor, Sir Nicholas Heath.

MARY.

Sir Nicholas ? I am stunn'd—Nicholas Heath ?  
Methought some traitor smote me on the head.  
What said you, my good Lord, that our brave English  
Had sallied out from Calais and driven back  
The Frenchmen from their trenches ?

HEATH.

Alas ! no.

That gateway to the mainland over which  
Our flag hath floated for two hundred years  
Is France again.

MARY.

So ; but it is not lost—  
Not yet. Send out, let England as of old  
Rise lionlike, strike hard and deep into  
The prey they are rending from her—ay, and rend  
The renders too. Send out, send out, and make  
Musters in all the counties ; gather all  
From sixteen years to sixty ; collect the fleet ;  
Let every craft that carries sail and gun  
Steer towards Calais. Guisnes is not taken yet ?

HEATH.

Guisnes is not taken yet.

MARY.

There yet is hope.

HEATH.

Ah, Madam, but your people are so cold ;  
I do much fear that England will not care.  
Methinks there is no manhood left among us.

MARY.

Send out ; I am too weak to stir abroad.  
Tell my mind to the Council—to the Parliament :  
Proclaim it to the winds. Thou art cold thyself  
To babble of their coldness. O would I were  
My father for an hour ! Away now—quick !

[Exit HEATH.

I hoped I had served God with all my might !  
It seems I have not. Ah ! much heresy  
Shelter'd in Calais. Saints, I have rebuilt

L

Your shrines, set up your broken images ;  
 Be comfortable to me. Suffer not  
 That my brief reign in England be defamed  
 Thro' all her angry chronicles hereafter  
 By loss of Calais. Grant me Calais. Philip,  
 We have made war upon the Holy Father  
 All for your sake ; what good could come of that ?

LADY CLARENCE.

No, Madam, not against the Holy Father ?  
 You did but help King Philip's war with France  
 Your troops were never down in Italy.

MARY.

I am a byword. Heretic and rebel  
 Point at me and make merry. Philip gone !  
 And Calais gone ! Time that I were gone too !

LADY CLARENCE.

Nay, if the fetid gutter had a voice  
 And cried I was not clean, what should I care ?  
 Or you, for heretic cries ? And I believe,  
 Spite of your melancholy Sir Nicholas,  
 Your England is as loyal as myself.

MARY (*seeing the paper dropt by POLE*).

There, there ! another paper ! Said you not  
 Many of these were loyal ? Shall I try  
 If this be one of such ?

LADY CLARENCE.

Let it be, let it be.  
 God pardon me ! I have never yet found one. [*Aside*

MARY (*reads*).

“ Your people hate you as your husband hates you.”  
 Clarence, Clarence, what have I done ? what sin  
 Beyond all grace, all pardon ? Mother of God,



Thou knowest never woman meant so well,  
And fared so ill in this disastrous world.  
My people hate me and desire my death.

LADY CLARENCE.

No, Madam, no.

MARY.

My husband hates me, and desires my death.

LADY CLARENCE.

No, Madam ; these are libels.

MARY.

I hate myself, and I desire my death.

LADY CLARENCE.

Long live your Majesty ! Shall Alice sing you  
One of her pleasant songs ? Alice, my child,  
Bring us your lute (*ALICE goes*). They say the gloom of  
Saul  
Was lighten'd by young David's harp.

MARY.

Too young !  
And never knew a Philip (*re-enter ALICE*). Give me the  
lute.  
He hates me !

(*She sings.*)

Hapless doom of woman happy in betrothing !  
Beauty passes like a breath and love is lost in loathing :  
Low, my lute ; speak low, my lute, but say the world is nothing—  
Low, lute, low !  
Love will hover round the flowers when they first awaken ;  
Love will fly the fallen leaf, and not be overtaken ;  
Low, my lute ! oh, low, my lute ! we fade and are forsaken—  
Low, dear lute, low !

Take it away ! not low enough for me !

ALICE.

Your Grace hath a low voice.

MARY.

How dare you say it?  
 Even for that he hates me. A low voice  
 Lost in a wilderness where none can hear!  
 A voice of shipwreck on a shoreless sea!  
 A low voice from the dust and from the grave (*sitting on the  
 ground*).  
 There, am I low enough now?

ALICE.

Good Lord! how grim and ghastly looks her Grace,  
 With both her knees drawn upward to her chin.  
 There was an old-world tomb beside my father's,  
 And this was open'd, and the dead were found  
 Sitting, and in this fashion; she looks a corpse.

*Enter* LADY MAGDALEN DACRES.

LADY MAGDALEN.

Madam, the Count de Feria waits without,  
 In hopes to see your Highness.

LADY CLARENCE (*pointing to* MARY).

Wait he must—  
 Her trance again. She neither sees nor hears,  
 And may not speak for hours.

LADY MAGDALEN.

Unhappiest  
 Of Queens and wives and women.

ALICE (*in the foreground with* LADY MAGDALEN).

And all along  
 Of Philip.

LADY MAGDALEN.

Not so loud ! Our Clarence there  
Sees ever such an aureole round the Queen,  
It gilds the greatest wronger of her peace,  
Who stands the nearest to her.

ALICE.

Ay, this Philip ;  
I used to love the Queen with all my heart—  
God help me, but methinks I love her less  
For such a dotage upon such a man.  
I would I were as tall and strong as you.

LADY MAGDALEN.

I seem half-shamed at times to be so tall.

ALICE.

You are the stateliest deer in all the herd—  
Beyond his aim—but I am small and scandalous,  
And love to hear bad tales of Philip.

LADY MAGDALEN.

Why ?  
I never heard him utter worse of you  
Than that you were low-statured.

ALICE.

Does he think  
Low stature is low nature, or all women's  
Low as his own ?

LADY MAGDALEN.

There you strike in the nail.  
This coarseness is a want of phantasy.  
It is the low man thinks the woman low ;  
Sin is too dull to see beyond himself.

ALICE.

Ah, Magdalen, sin is bold as well as dull.  
How dared he ?

LADY MAGDALEN.

Stupid soldiers oft are bold.  
Poor lads, they see not what the general sees,  
A risk of utter ruin. I am *not*  
Beyond his aim, or was not.

ALICE.

Who ? Not you ?  
Tell me, tell me ; save my credit with myself.

LADY MAGDALEN.

I never breathed it to a bird in the eaves,  
Would not for all the stars and maiden moon  
Our drooping Queen should know ! In Hampton Court  
My window look'd upon the corridor ;  
And I was robing ;—this poor throat of mine,  
Barer than I should wish a man to see it,—  
When he we speak of drove the window back,  
And, like a thief, push'd in his royal hand ;  
But by God's providence a good stout staff  
Lay near me ; and you know me strong of arm ;  
I do believe I lamed his Majesty's  
For a day or two, tho', give the Devil his due,  
I never found he bore me any spite.

ALICE.

I would she could have wedded that poor youth,  
My Lord of Devon—light enough, God knows,  
And mix'd with Wyatt's rising—and the boy  
Not out of him—but neither cold, coarse, cruel,  
And more than all—no Spaniard.

LADY CLARENCE.

Not so loud.  
Lord Devon, girls ! what are you whispering here

ALICE.

Probing an old state-secret—how it chanced  
That this young Earl was sent on foreign travel,  
Not lost his head.

LADY CLARENCE.

There was no proof against him.

ALICE.

Nay, Madam ; did not Gardiner intercept  
A letter which the Count de Noailles wrote  
To that dead traitor Wyatt, with full proof  
Of Courtenay's treason ? What became of that ?

LADY CLARENCE.

Some say that Gardiner, out of love for him,  
Burnt it, and some relate that it was lost  
When Wyatt sack'd the Chancellor's house in Southwark.  
Let dead things rest.

ALICE.

Ay, and with him who died  
Alone in Italy.

LADY CLARENCE.

Much changed, I hear,  
Had put off levity and put graveness on.  
The foreign courts report him in his manner  
Noble as his young person and old shield.  
It might be so—but all is over now ;  
He caught a chill in the lagoons of Venice,  
And died in Padua.

MARY (*looking up suddenly*).

Died in the true faith ?

LADY CLARENCE.

Ay, Madam, happily.

MARY.

Happier he than I.

LADY MAGDALEN.

It seems her Highness hath awaken'd. Think you  
That I might dare to tell her that the Count——

MARY.

I will see no man hence for evermore,  
Saving my confessor and my cousin Pole.

LADY MAGDALEN.

It is the Count de Feria, my dear lady.

MARY.

What Count ?

LADY MAGDALEN.

The Count de Feria, from his Majesty  
King Philip.

MARY.

Philip ! quick ! loop up my hair !  
Throw cushions on that seat, and make it throne-like.  
Arrange my dress—the gorgeous Indian shawl  
That Philip brought me in our happy days !—  
That covers all. So—am I somewhat Queenlike,  
Bride of the mightiest sovereign upon earth ?

LADY CLARENCE.

Ay, so your Grace would bide a moment yet.

MARY.

No, no, he brings a letter. I may die  
Before I read it. Let me see him at once.

*Enter* COUNT DE FERIA (*kneels*).

FERIA.

I trust your Grace is well. (*aside*) How her hand burns.

MARY.

I am not well, but it will better me,  
Sir Count, to read the letter which you bring.

FERIA.

Madam, I bring no letter.

MARY.

How ! no letter ?

FERIA.

His Highness is so vex'd with strange affairs—

MARY.

That his own wife is no affair of his.

FERIA.

Nay, Madam, nay ! he sends his veriest love,  
And says, he will come quickly.

MARY.

Doth he, indeed ?  
 You, sir, do *you* remember what *you* said  
 When last you came to England ?

FERIA.

Madam, I brought  
 My King's congratulations ; it was hoped  
 Your Highness was once more in happy state  
 To give him an heir male.

MARY.

Sir, you said more ;  
 You said he would come quickly. I had horses  
 On all the road from Dover, day and night ;  
 On all the road from Harwich, night and day ;  
 But the child came not, and the husband came not ;  
 And yet he will come quickly. . . Thou hast learnt  
 Thy lesson, and I mine. There is no need  
 For Philip so to shame himself again.  
 Return,  
 And tell him that I know he comes no more.  
 Tell him at last I know his love is dead,  
 And that I am in state to bring forth death—  
 Thou art commission'd to Elizabeth,  
 And not to me !

FERIA.

Mere compliments and wishes.  
 But shall I take some message from your Grace ?

MARY.

Tell her to come and close my dying eyes,  
 And wear my crown, and dance upon my grave.

FERIA.

Then I may say your Grace will see your sister ?  
 Your Grace is too low-spirited. Air and sunshine.



I would we had you, Madam, in our warm Spain.  
You droop in your dim London.

MARY.

Have him away,  
I sicken of his readiness.

LADY CLARENCE.

My Lord Count,  
Her Highness is too ill for colloquy.

FERIA (*kneels, and kisses her hand*).

I wish her Highness better. (*aside*) How her hand burns.  
[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—A HOUSE NEAR LONDON.

ELIZABETH, STEWARD OF THE HOUSEHOLD, ATTENDANTS.

ELIZABETH.

There's half an angel wrong'd in your account ;  
Methinks I am all angel, that I bear it  
Without more ruffling. Cast it o'er again.

STEWARD.

I were whole devil if I wrong'd you Madam.  
[*Exit* STEWARD.]

ATTENDANT.

The Count de Feria, from the King of Spain.

ELIZABETH.

Ah!—let him enter. Nay, you need not go :  
 [To her LADIES.  
 Remain within the chamber, but apart.  
 We'll have no private conference. Welcome to England !

*Enter* FERIA.

FERIA.

Fair island star.

ELIZABETH.

I shine ! What else, Sir Count ?

FERIA.

As far as France, and into Phillip's heart.  
 My King would know if you be fairly served,  
 And lodged, and treated.

ELIZABETH.

You see the lodging, sir,  
 I am well-served, and am in everything  
 Most loyal and most grateful to the Queen.

FERIA.

You should be grateful to my master, too,  
 He spoke of this ; and unto him you owe  
 That Mary hath acknowledged you her heir.

ELIZABETH.

No, not to her nor him ; but to the people,  
 Who know my right, and love me as I love  
 The people ! whom God aid !

FERIA.

And, were I Philip—  
You will be Queen,

ELIZABETH.

Wherefore pause you—what ?

FERIA.

Nay, but I speak from mine own self, not him :  
Your royal sister cannot last ; your hand  
Will be much coveted ! What a delicate one !  
Our Spanish ladies have none such—and there,  
Were you in Spain, this fine fair gossamer gold—  
Like sun-gilt breathings on a frosty dawn—  
That hovers round your shoulder—

ELIZABETH.

Troth, some have said so.  
Is it so fine ?

FERIA.

—would be deemed a miracle.

ELIZABETH.

Your Philip hath gold hair and golden beard,  
There must be ladies many with hair like mine.

FERIA.

Some few of Gothic blood have golden hair,  
But none like yours.

ELIZABETH.

I am happy you approve it.

FERIA.

But as to Philip and your Grace—consider,—  
 If such a one as you should match with Spain,  
 What hinders but that Spain and England join'd,  
 Should make the mightiest empire earth has known.  
 Spain would be England on her seas, and England  
 Mistress of the Indies.

ELIZABETH.

It may chance, that England  
 Will be the Mistress of the Indies yet,  
 Without the help of Spain.

FERIA.

Impossible ;  
 Except you put Spain down.  
 Wide of the mark ev'n for a madman's dream.

ELIZABETH.

Perhaps ; but we have seamen. Count de Feria,  
 I take it that the King hath spoken to you ;  
 But is Don Carlos such a goodly match ?

FERIA.

Don Carlos, Madam, is but twelve years old.

ELIZABETH.

Ay, tell the King that I will muse upon it ;  
 He is my good friend, and I would keep him so ;  
 But—he would have me Catholic of Rome,  
 And that I scarce can be ; and, sir, till now  
 My sister's marriage, and my father's marriages,  
 Make me full fain to live and die a maid.  
 But I am much beholden to your King.  
 Have you ought else to tell me ?

FERIA.

Nothing, Madam,  
Save that methought I gather'd from the Queen  
That she would see your Grace before she—died.

ELIZABETH.

God's death! and wherefore spake you not before?  
We dally with our lazy moments here,  
And hers are number'd. Horses there, without!  
I am much beholden to the King, your master.  
Why did you keep me prating? Horses, there!  
[Exit ELIZABETH, &c.]

FERIA.

So from a clear sky falls the thunderbolt!  
Don Carlos? Madam, if you marry Phillip,  
Then I and he will snaffle your "God's death,"  
And break your paces in and make you tame;  
God's death, forsooth—you do not know King Philip.  
[Exit.]

## SCENE IV.—LONDON. BEFORE THE PALACE.

*A light burning within. Voices of the night passing.*

FIRST.

Is not yon light in the Queen's chamber?

SECOND.

They say she's dying.

Ay,

FIRST.

So is Cardinal Pole.  
 May the great angels join their wings, and make  
 Down for their heads to heaven !

SECOND.

Amen. Come on.

[*Exeunt.*]

TWO OTHERS.

FIRST.

There's the Queen's light. I hear she cannot live.

SECOND.

God curse her and her Legate ! Gardiner burns  
 Already ; but to pay them full in kind,  
 The hottest hold in all the devil's den  
 Were but a sort of winter ; sir, in Guernsey,  
 I watch'd a woman burn ; and in her agony  
 The mother came upon her—a child was born—  
 And, sir, they hurl'd it back into the fire,  
 That, being but baptised in fire, the babe  
 Might be in fire for ever. Ah, good neighbour,  
 There should be something fierier than fire  
 To yield them their deserts.

FIRST.

Amen to all

You wish, and further.

A THIRD VOICE.

Deserts ? Amen to what ? Whose deserts ? Yours ? You  
 have a gold ring on your finger, and soft raiment about your  
 body ; and is not the woman up yonder sleeping after all she

has done, in peace and quietness, on a soft bed, in a closed room, with light, fire, physic, tendance ; and I have seen the true men of Christ lying famine-dead by scores, and under no ceiling but the cloud that wept on them, not for them.

FIRST.

Friend, tho' so late. it is not safe to preach.  
You had best go home. What are you ?

THIRD.

What am I ? One who cries continually with sweat and tears to the Lord God that it would please Him out of His infinite love to break down all kingship and queenship, all priesthood and prelacy ; to cancel and abolish all bonds of human allegiance, all the magistracy, all the nobles, and all the wealthy ; and to send us again, according to His promise, the one King, the Christ, and all things in common, as in the day of the first church, when Christ Jesus was King.

FIRST.

If ever I heard a madman,—let's away !  
Why, you long winded — Sir, you go beyond me.  
I pride myself on being moderate.  
Good night ! Go home. Besides, you curse so loud,  
The watch will hear you. Get you home at once.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—LONDON. A ROOM IN THE PALACE.

*A Gallery on one side. The moonlight streaming through a range of windows on the wall opposite. MARY, LADY CLARENCE, LADY MAGDALEN DACRES, ALICE. QUEEN pacing the Gallery. A writing-table in front. QUEEN comes to the table and writes and goes again, pacing the Gallery.*

M

LADY CLARENCE.

Mine eyes are dim : what hath she written ? read.

ALICE.

“ I am dying, Philip ; come to me.”

LADY MAGDALEN.

There—up and down, poor lady, up and down.

ALICE.

And how her shadow crosses one by one  
The moonlight casements pattern'd on the wall,  
Following her like her sorrow. She turns again.  
[QUEEN *sits and writes, and goes again.*]

LADY CLARENCE.

What hath she written now ?

ALICE.

Nothing ; but “ come, come, come,” and all awry,  
And blotted by her tears. This cannot last.  
[QUEEN *returns.*]

MARY.

I whistle to the bird has broken cage.  
And all in vain. [Sitting down.  
Calais gone—Guisnes gone, too—and Philip gone !]

LADY CLARENCE.

Dear Madam, Philip is but at the wars ;  
I cannot doubt but that he comes again ;  
And he is with you in a measure still.  
I never look'd upon so fair a likeness



As your great King in armour there, his hand  
Upon his helmet.

[*Pointing to the portrait of PHILIP on the wall.*]

MARY.

Doth he not look noble?  
I had heard of him in battle over seas,  
And I would have my warrior all in arms.  
He said it was not courtly to stand helmeted  
Before the Queen. He had his gracious moment  
Altho' you'll not believe me. How he smiles  
As if he loved me yet!

LADY CLARENCE.

And so he does.

MARY.

He never loved me—nay, he could not love me  
It was his father's policy against France.  
I am eleven years older than he,  
Poor boy.

[*Weeps.*]

ALICE.

That was a lusty boy of twenty-seven;  
Poor enough in God's grace!

[*Aside.*]

MARY.

—And all in vain!  
The Queen of Scots is married to the Dauphin,  
And Charles, the lord of this low world is gone;  
And all his wars and wisdoms past away;  
And in a moment I shall follow him.

LADY CLARENCE.

Nay, dearest Lady, see your good physician.

MARY.

Drugs—but he knows they cannot help me—says  
 That rest is all—tells me I must not think—  
 That I must rest—I shall rest by-and-by.  
 Catch the wild cat, cage him, and when he springs  
 And maims himself against the bars, say “rest”:  
 Why, you must kill him if you would have him rest—  
 Dead or alive you cannot make him happy.

LADY CLARENCE.

Your Majesty has lived so pure a life,  
 And done such mighty things by Holy Church,  
 I trust that God will make you happy yet.

MARY.

What is the strange thing happiness? Sit down here:  
 Tell me thine happiest hour.

LADY CLARENCE.

I will, if that  
 May make your Grace forget yourself a little.  
 There runs a shallow brook across our field  
 For twenty miles, where the black crow flies five,  
 And doth so bound and babble all the way  
 As if itself were happy. It was May-time,  
 And I was walking with the man I loved.  
 I loved him, but I thought I was not loved.  
 And both were silent, letting the wild brook  
 Speak for us—till he stoop'd and gather'd one  
 From out a bed of thick forget-me-nots,  
 Look'd hard and sweet at me, and gave it me,  
 I took it, tho' I did not know I took it,  
 And put it in my bosom, and all at once  
 I felt his arms about me, and his lips—

MARY.

O God! I have been too slack, too slack;  
 There are Hot Gospellers even among our guards---

Nobles we dared not touch. We have but burnt  
 The heretic priest, workmen, and women and children.  
 Wet, famine, ague, fever, storm, wreck, wrath,—  
 We have so play'd the coward ; but by God's grace,  
 We'll follow Philip's leading, and set up  
 The Holy Office here—garner the wheat,  
 And burn the tares with unquenchable fire !  
 Burn !

Fie, what a savour ! tell the cooks to close  
 The doors of all the offices below.

Latimer !

Sir, we are private with our women here—  
 Ever a rough, blunt, and uncourtly fellow—  
 Thou light a torch that never will go out !  
 'Tis out—mine flames. Women, the Holy Father  
 Has ta'en the legateship from our cousin Pole—  
 Was that well done ? and poor Pole pines of it,  
 As I do, to the death. I am but a woman,  
 I have no power.—Ah, weak and meek old man,  
 Seven-fold dishonour'd even in the sight  
 Of thine own sectaries—No, no. No pardon !—  
 Why that was false : there is the right hand still  
 Beckons me hence.

Sir, you were burnt for heresy, not for treason,  
 Remember that ! 'twas I and Bonner did it,  
 And Pole ; we are three to one—Have you found mercy  
 there,

Grant it me here : and see he smiles and goes,  
 Gentle as in life.

ALICE.

Madam, who goes ? King Philip ?

MARY.

No, Philip comes and goes, but never goes.  
 Women, when I am dead,  
 Open my heart, and there you will find written  
 Two names, Philip and Calais ; open his,—  
 So that he have one,—  
 You will find Philip only, policy, policy,—

Ay, worse than that—not one hour true to me !  
 Foul maggots crawling in a fester'd vice !  
 Adulterous to the very heart of Hell.  
 Hast thou a knife ?

ALICE.

Ay, Madam, but o' God's mercy—

MARY.

Fool, think'st thou I would peril mine own soul  
 By slaughter of the body ? I could not, girl,  
 Not this way—callous with a constant stripe,  
 Unwoundable. Thy knife !

ALICE.

Take heed, take heed !  
 The blade is keen as death.

MARY.

This Philip shall not  
 Stare in upon me in my haggardness ;  
 Old, miserable, diseased,  
 Incapable of children. Come thou down.  
 [Cuts out the picture and throws it down.]  
 Lie there. (*Wails.*) O God, I have kill'd my Philip.

ALICE.

No,  
 Madam, you have but cut the canvas out,  
 We can replace it.

MARY.

All is well then ; rest—  
 I will to rest ; he said, I must have rest.  
 [*Cries of "ELIZABETH" in the street.*]  
 A cry ! What's that ? Elizabeth ? revolt ?

A new Northumberland, another Wyatt?  
I'll fight it on the threshold of the grave.

LADY CLARENCE.

Madam, your royal sister comes to see you.

MARY.

I will not see her.  
Who knows if Boleyn's daughter be my sister?  
I will see none except the priest. Your arm.

[To LADY CLARENCE.

O Saint of Aragon, with that sweet worn smile  
Among thy patient wrinkles—Help me hence. [Exit.

*The PRIEST passes. Enter ELIZABETH and SIR  
WILLIAM CECIL.*

ELIZABETH.

Good counsel yours—

No one in waiting? still,  
As if the chamberlain were Death himself!  
The room she sleeps in—is not this the way?  
No, that way there are voices. Am I too late?  
Cecil . . . God guide me lest I lose the way.

[Exit ELIZABETH.

CECIL.

Many points weather'd, many perilous ones,  
At last a harbour opens; but therein  
Sunk rocks—they need fine steering—much it is  
To be nor mad, nor bigot—have a mind—  
Not let Priests' talk, or dream of worlds to be,  
Miscolour things about her—sudden touches  
For him, or him—sunk rocks; no passionate faith—  
But—if let be—balance and compromise;  
Brave, wary, sane to the heart of her—a Tudor  
School'd by the shadow of death—a Boleyn, too,  
Glancing across the Tudor—not so well.

*Enter ALICE.*

How is the good Queen now ?

ALICE.

Away from Philip.

Back in her childhood—prattling to her mother  
Of her betrothal to the Emperor Charles,  
And childlike-jealous of him again—and once  
She thank'd her father sweetly for his book  
Against that godless German. Ah, those days  
Were happy. It was never merry world  
In England, since the Bible came among us.

CECIL.

And who says that ?

ALICE.

It is a saying among the Catholics.

CECIL.

It never will be merry world in England,  
Till all men have their Bible, rich and poor.

ALICE.

The Queen is dying, or you dare not say it.

*Enter ELIZABETH.*

ELIZABETH.

The Queen is dead.

CECIL.

Then here she stands ! my homage.

ELIZABETH.

She knew me, and acknowledged me her heir,  
 Pray'd me to pay her debts, and keep the Faith ;  
 Then claspt the cross, and pass'd away in peace.  
 I left her lying still and beautiful,  
 More beautiful than in life. Why would you vex yourself,  
 Poor sister ? Sir, I swear I have no heart  
 To be your Queen. To reign is restless fence,  
 Tierce, quart, and trickery. Peace is with the dead.  
 Her life was winter, for her spring was nipt :  
 And she loved much : pray God she be forgiven.

CECIL.

Peace with the dead, who never were at peace !  
 Yet she loved one so much—I needs must say—  
 That never English monarch dying left  
 England so little.

ELIZABETH.

But with Cecil's aid  
 And others, if our person be secured  
 From traitor stabs—we will make England great.

*Enter PAGET, and other LORDS OF THE COUNCIL, SIR  
 RALPH BAGENHALL, &c.*

LORDS.

God save Elizabeth, the Queen of England !

BAGENHALL.

God save the Crown : the Papacy is no more.

PAGET (*aside*).

Are we so sure of that ?

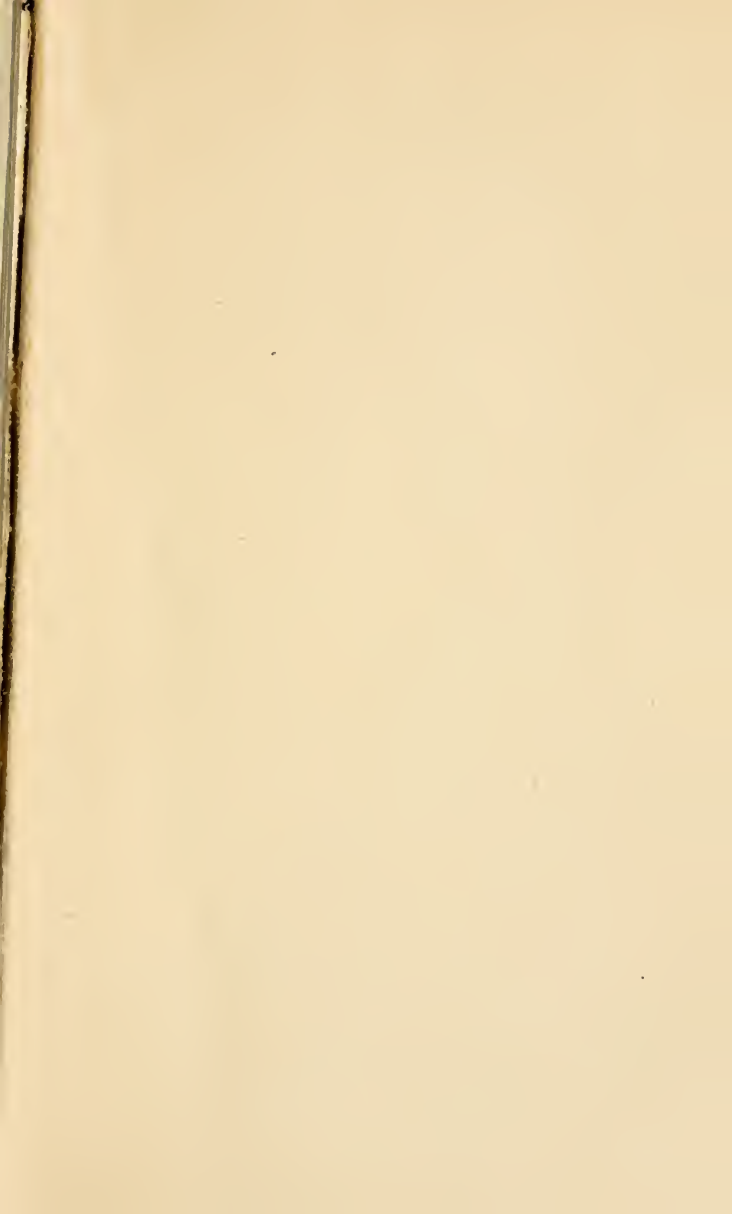
ACCLAMATION.

God save the Queen !

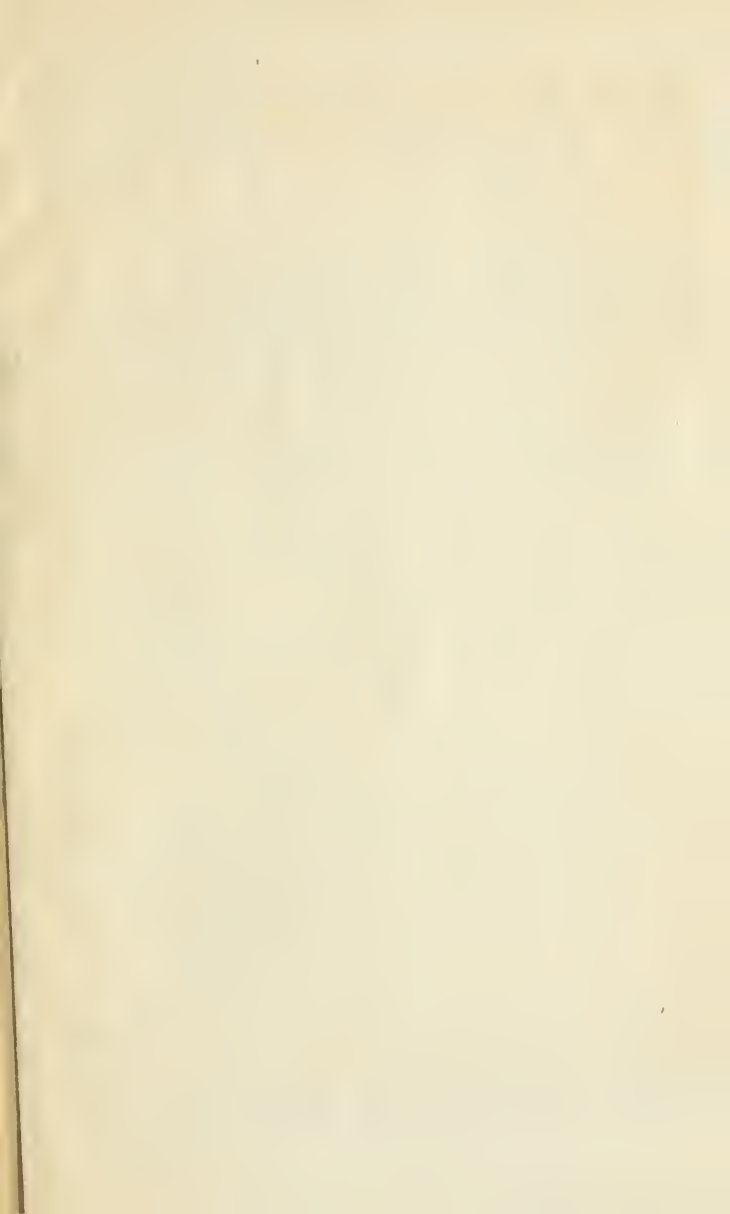
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Tennyson, Alfred Tennyson  
Queen Mary

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